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SEVENTY-EIGHTH YEAR, NO. 22

Philip Steele

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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CHAPTER VII.

The Tragedy in the Cabin.

A few moments later Philip heard a movement of heavy feet, the opening and closing of a door, and for a time after that there was silence. Had McGregor anticipated this, he wondered? Was this a part of the program which the inspector had foreseen that he would play? His blood warmed at the thought and he clenched his fists. Then he began to think more calmly. His captors had not relieved him of his weapons. They had placed his service cap in the box with him and had unbuckled his cartridge belt so that he would rest more comfortably. What did all this mean? For the hundredth time he asked himself the question.

Returning footsteps interrupted his thoughts. The cabin door opened, people entered, again he heard whispering voices.

He strained his ears. At first he would have sworn that he heard the soft, low tones of a woman's voice, but they were not repeated. Hands caught hold of the box, dragged it across the floor, and then he felt himself lifted bodily, and, after a dozen steps, placed carefully upon some object in the snow. His amazement increased when he understood what was occurring.

He was on a sledge. Through the air-holes in his prison he heard the scraping of strap-thongs as they were laced through the runner-slits and over the box, the restless movement of dogs, a gaping whine, the angry snap of a pair of jaws. Then, slowly the sledge began to move. A whip cracked loudly above him, a voice rose in loud shout, and the dogs were urged to a trot. Again there came to Philip's ears the wheezing notes of the accordion. By a slight effort he found that he could turn his head sufficiently to look through a hole on a level with his eyes in the side of the box. The sledge had turned from the dark trail into the lighted street and stopped at last before a brilliantly lighted front from which there issued the sound of coarse voices, of laughter and half drunken song.

One of his captors went into the bar while the other seated himself on the box, with one leg shutting out Philip's vision by dangling it over the hole through which he was looking.

"What's up, Fingy?" inquired a voice.

"Wekusko," replied the man on the box, in the husky, flesh-smothered tones of the person who had entered last into the cabin.

"Another dead one up there, eh?" persisted the same voice.

"No. Maps 'n' things f'r Hodges, up at the camp. Devil of a hurry, ain't he, to order us up at night? Tell ——— to hustle out with the bottle, will you?"

The speaker sent the lash of his whip snapping through the air in place of supplying a name.

"Maps and things—for Hodges—Wekusko!" gasped Philip inwardly.

He listened for further information. None came, and soon the man called Fingy jumped from the box, cracked his whip with a wheezing command to the dogs, and the sledge moved on.

And so his captors were taking him to Wekusko?—and more than that, to Hodges, chief of construction, whose life had been attempted by the prisoner whom Inspector MacGregor had ordered him to bring down! Had Fingy spoken the truth? And, if so, was this another part of the mysterious plot foreseen by the inspector.

During the next half hour, in which the sledge traveled steadily over the smooth, hard trail into the north, Philip asked himself these and a score of other questions equally perplexing. He was certain that the beautiful young woman whom he had followed had purposely lured him into the ambush. He considered himself her prisoner. Then why should he be consigned, like a parcel of freight, to Hodges, her husband's accuser, and the man who demanded the full penalty of the law for his assailant?

The more he added to the questions that leaped into his mind the more mystified he became. The conflicting orders, the strange demeanor of his chief, the pathetic appeal that he had seen in the young woman's eyes, the ambush, and now this unaccountable ride to Wekusko, strapped in a coffin box, all combined to plunge him into a chaos of wonder from which it was impossible for him to struggle forth. However, he assured himself of two things; he was comparatively comfortable, and within two hours at the most they would reach Hodges' headquarters, if the Wekusko camp were really to be their destination. Something must develop then.

It had ceased to occur to him that there was peril in his strange position. If that were so, would his captors have left hom in possession of his weapons, even imprisoned as he was? If they had intended him harm, would they have cushioned his box and placed a pillow under his head so that the cloth about his mouth would not cause him discomfort? It struck him as peculiarly significant, now that he had suffered no injury in the short struggle on the trail, that no threats of intimidation had been offered after his capture. This was a part of the game which he was to play! He became more and more certain of it as the minutes passed, and there occurred to him again and again the inspector's significant words, "Whatever happens!" MacGregor had spoken the words with particular emphasis, had repeated them more than once. Were they intended to give him a warning of this, to put him on his guard as well as at his ease?"

And with these thoughts, many, conflicting and mystifying, he found it impossible to keep from associating other thoughts of Buckey Nome, and of the woman whom he now frankly confessed to himself that he loved. If conditions had been a little different, if the incidents had not occurred just as they had, he might have suspected the hand of Bucky Nome in what was transpiring now. But he discarded that suspicion the instant that it came to him. That which remained with him more and more deeply as the minutes passed was a mental picture of the two women—of this woman who was fighting to save her husband, and of the other, whom he loved, and for whom he had fought to save her for her husband. It was with a dull feeling of pain that he compared the love, the faith, and the honor of this woman whose husband had committed a crime with that one night's indiscretion of Mrs. Becker. It was in her eyes and face that he had seen a purity like that of an angel, and the pain seemed to stab him deeper when he thought that, after all, it was the criminal's wife who proving herself, not Mrs. Becker.

He strove to unburden his mind for a time, and turned his head so that he could peer through the hole in the side of the box. The moon had risen, and now and then he caught flashes of the white snow in the opens, but more frequently only the black shadows of the forest through which they were passing. They had not left Le Pas more than two hours behind when the sledge stopped again and Philip saw a few scattered lights a short distance away.

"Must be Wekusko," he thought. "Hello, what's that?"

A voice came sharply from the opposite side of the box.

"Is that you, Fingy?" it demanded. "What the devil have you got there?"

"Your maps and things, sir," replied Fingy hoarsely. "Could'nt come up tomorrow, so thought we'd do it tonight."

Philip heard the closing of a door, and footsteps crunched in the snow close to his ears.

"Love 'o God!" came the voice again. "What's this you've brought them up in, Fingy?"

"Coffin box, sir. Only thing the maps 'd fit into, and it's been lying around useless since MacVee kem down in it. Mebby you can find use for it, later," he chuckled grewsomely. "Ho-ho-ho! mebby you can!"

A moment later the box was lifted and Philip knew that he was being carried up a step and through a door, then with a suddenness that startled him he found himself standing upright. His prison had been set on end!

"Not that way, man," objected Hodges, for Philip was now certain that he was in the presence of the chief of construction. "Put it down—over there in the corner."

"Not on your life," retorted Fingy, cracking his finger bones fiercely. "See here, Mister Hodges, I ain't a coward, but I b'lieve in bein' respectful to the dead, 'n' to a box that's held one. It says on the red card, 'Head—This end up,' an', s'elp me, it's going to be up, unless you put it down. I ain't goin' to be ha'nted by no ghosts! Ho, ho, ho—" He approached close to the box. "I'll take this red card off, Mister Hodges, It ain't nat'ral when there ain't nothing but maps 'n' things in it."

If the cloth had not been about his mouth, it is possible that Philip would not have restrained audible expression of his astonishment at what happened an instant later. The card was torn off, and a ray of light shot into his eyes. Through a narrow slit not more than a quarter of an inch wide, and six inches long, he found himself staring out into the room. The huge gray-bearded man who had set upon him from the ambush was at the door, about to leave. Fingy was close behind him. And in the rear of these two, as if eager for their departure, was Hodges, chief of construction.

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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When I left Harvard, I took up the study of law. If I had been sufficiently fortunate to come under Professor Thayer, of the Harvard law school, it may well be that I would have realized that the lawyer can do a great work for justice and against legalism.

Caveat Emptor.

But, doubtless chiefly through my own fault, some of the teaching of the law books and of the class room seemed to me to be against justice. The caveat emptor side of the law, like the caveat emptor side of business, seemed to me repellent; it did not make for social fair dealing. The "let the buyer beware" maxim, when translated into actual practice, whether in law or business, tends to translate itself further into the seller making his profit at the expense of the buyer, instead of by a bargain which shall be to the profit of both. It did not seem to me that the law was framed to discourage as it should sharp practice, and all other kinds of bargains except those which are fair and of benefit to both sides. I was young; there was much in the judgment which I then formed on this matter which I should now revise; but, then as now, many of the big corporation lawyers, to whom the ordinary members of the bar then as now looked up, held certain standards which were difficult to recognize as compatible with the idealism I suppose every high-minded young man is apt to feel. If I had been obliged to earn every cent I spent, I should have gone whole-heartedly into the business of making both ends meet, and should have taken up the law or any other respectable occupation—for I then held, and now hold, the belief that a man's first duty is to pull his own weight and to take care of those dependent upon him; and I then believed, and now believe, that the greatest duty for any man is to be happily married, and that no other form of success or service, for either man or woman, can be wisely accepted as a substitute or alternative. But it happened that I had been left enough money by my father not to make it necessary for me to think solely of earning bread for myself and family. I had enough to get bread. What I had to do, if I wanted butter and jam, was to provide the butter and jam, but to count their cost as compared with other things. In other words, I made up my mind that, while I must earn money, I could afford to make earning money the secondary instead of the primary object of my career. If I had had no money at all, then my first duty would have been to earn it in any honest fashion. As I had some money, I felt that my need for more money was to be treated as a secondary need, and that while it was my business to make more money where I legitimately and properly could, yet that it was also my business to treat other kinds of work as more important than money-making.

Breaking Into Politics.

Almost immediately after leaving Harvard in 1880 I began to take an interest in politics. I did not then believe, and I do not now believe, that any man should ever attempt to make politics his only career. It is a dreadful misfortune for a man to grow to feel that his whole livelihood and whole happiness depend upon his staying in office. Such a feeling prevents him from being of real service to the people while in office, and always puts him under the heaviest strain of pressure to barter his convictions for the sake of holding office. A man should have some other occupation—I had several other occupations—to which he can resort if at any time he finds it necessary to choose a course which will probably result in his being thrown out, unless he is willing to stay in at cost to his conscience.

At that day, in 1880, a young man of my bringing up and convictions could join only the Republican party, and join it I accordingly did. It was no simple thing to join it then. That was long before the era of ballot reform and the control of primaries; long before the era when we realized that the government must take official notice of the deeds and acts of party organizations. The party was still treated as a private corporation, and in each district the organization formed a kind of social and political club. A man had to be regularly proposed for and elected into this club just as into any other club. As a friend of mine picturesquely phrased it, I "had to break into the organization with a jimmy."

Under these circumstances there was some difficulty in joining the local organization, and considerable amusement and excitement to be obtained out of it after I had joined.

The Governing Class.

It was over 33 years ago that I thus became a member of the twenty-first District Republican Association in the city of New York. The men I knew best were the men in the clubs of social pretension and the men of cultivated taste and easy life. When I began to make inquiries as to the whereabouts of the local Republican Association and the means of joining it, these men—and the big business men and lawyers also—laughed at me, and told me that politics was "low;" that the organizations were not controlled by "gentlemen;" that I would find them run by saloon-keepers, horse-car conductors, and the like, and not by men with any of whom I would come in contact outside; and, moreover, they assured me that the men I met would be rough and brutal and unpleasant to deal with. I answered that if this were so it merely meant that the people I knew did not belong to the governing class, and that the other people did—and that I intended to be one of the governing class; that if they proved too hard bit for me I supposed I would have to quit, but that I certainly would not quit until I had made the effort and found out whether I really was too weak to hold my own in the rough and tumble.

The Republican Association of which I became a member held its meetings in Morton Hall, a large, barn-like room over a saloon. Its furniture was of the canonical kind: dingy benches, spittoons, a dais at one end with a table and chair and a stout pitcher for iced water, and on the walls pictures of General Grant, and of Levi P. Morton, to whose generosity we owed the room. We had regular meetings once or twice a month, and between times the place was treated, at least on certain nights, as a kind of club-room. I went around there often enough to have the men get accustomed to me and to have me get accustomed to them, so that we began to speak the same language, and so that each could begin to live down in the other's mind what Bret Harte has called "the defective moral quality of being a stranger." It is not often that a man can make opportunities for himself. But he can put himself in such shape that when or if the opportunities come he is ready to take advantage of them. This was what happened to me in connection with my experiences in Morton Hall. I soon became on good terms with a number of the ordinary "heelers" and even some of the minor leaders. The big leader was Jake Hess, who treated me with rather distant affability. There were prominent lawyers and business men who belonged, but they took little part in the actual meetings. What they did was done elsewhere. The running of the machine was left to Jake Hess and his captains of tens and of hundreds.

Joe Murray.

Among these lesser captains I soon struck up a friendship with Joe Murray, a friendship which is as strong now as it was 33 years ago. He had been born in Ireland, but brought to New York by his parents when he was three or four years old, and, as he expressed it, "raised as a barefoot boy on First avenue." When not 18 he had enlisted in the Army of the Potomac and taken part in the campaign that closed the Civil War. Then he came back to First avenue, and, being a fearless, powerful, energetic young fellow, careless and reckless, speedily grew to some prominence as leader of a gang. In that district, and at that time, politics was a rough business, and Tammany Hall held unquestioned sway. The district was overwhelmingly Democratic, and Joe and his friends were Democrats who on election day performed the usual gang work for the local Democratic leader, whose business it was to favor and reward them in return. This same local leader, like many other greater leaders, became puffed up by prosperity, and forgot the instruments through which he achieved prosperity. After one election he showed a callous indifference to the hard work of the gang, and complete disregard of his before-election promises. He counted upon the resentment wearing itself out, as usual, in threats and bluster.

But Joe Murray was not a man who forgot. He explained to his gang his purposes and the necessity of being quiet. Accordingly they waited for their revenge until the next election day. They then, as Joe expressed it, decided "to vote furdest away from the leader"—I am using the language of Joe's youth—and the best way to do this was to vote the Republican ticket. In those days each party had a booth near the polling place in each election district, where the party representative dispensed the party ballots. This had been a district in which, as a rule, very early in the day the Republican election leader had his hat knocked over his eyes and his booth kicked over and his ballots scattered; and then the size of the Democratic majority depended on an elastic appreciation of exactly how much was demanded from headquarters. But on this day things went differently. The gang with a Roman sense of duty, took an active interest in seeing that the Republican was given his full rights. Moreover, they made the most energetic reprisals on their opponents, and as they were distinctly the tough and fighting element, justice came to her own with a whoop. Would-be repeaters were thrown out on their heads. Every person who could be cajoled or, I fear, intimidated, was given the Republican ticket, and the upshot was that at the end of the day a district which had never hitherto polled more than two or three per cent of its Republican vote broke about even between the two parties.

Joe Murray's Reward.

To Joe it had been merely an act of retribution in so far as it was not simply a spree. But the leaders at the Republican headquarters did not know this, and when they got over their paralyzed astonishment at the returns, they investigated to find out what it meant. Somebody told them that it represented the work of a young man named Joseph Murray. Accordingly they sent for him. The room in which they received him was doubtless some place like Morton Hall, and the men who received him were akin to those who had leadership in Morton Hall; but in Joe's eyes they stood for a higher civilization, for opportunity, for generous recognition of successful effort—in short, for all the things that an eager young man desires. He was received and patted on the back by a man who was a great man to the world in which he lived. He was introduced to the audience as a young man whose achievement was such as to promise much for the future, and moreover he was given a place in the postoffice—as I have said, this was long before the day of Civil Service Reform.

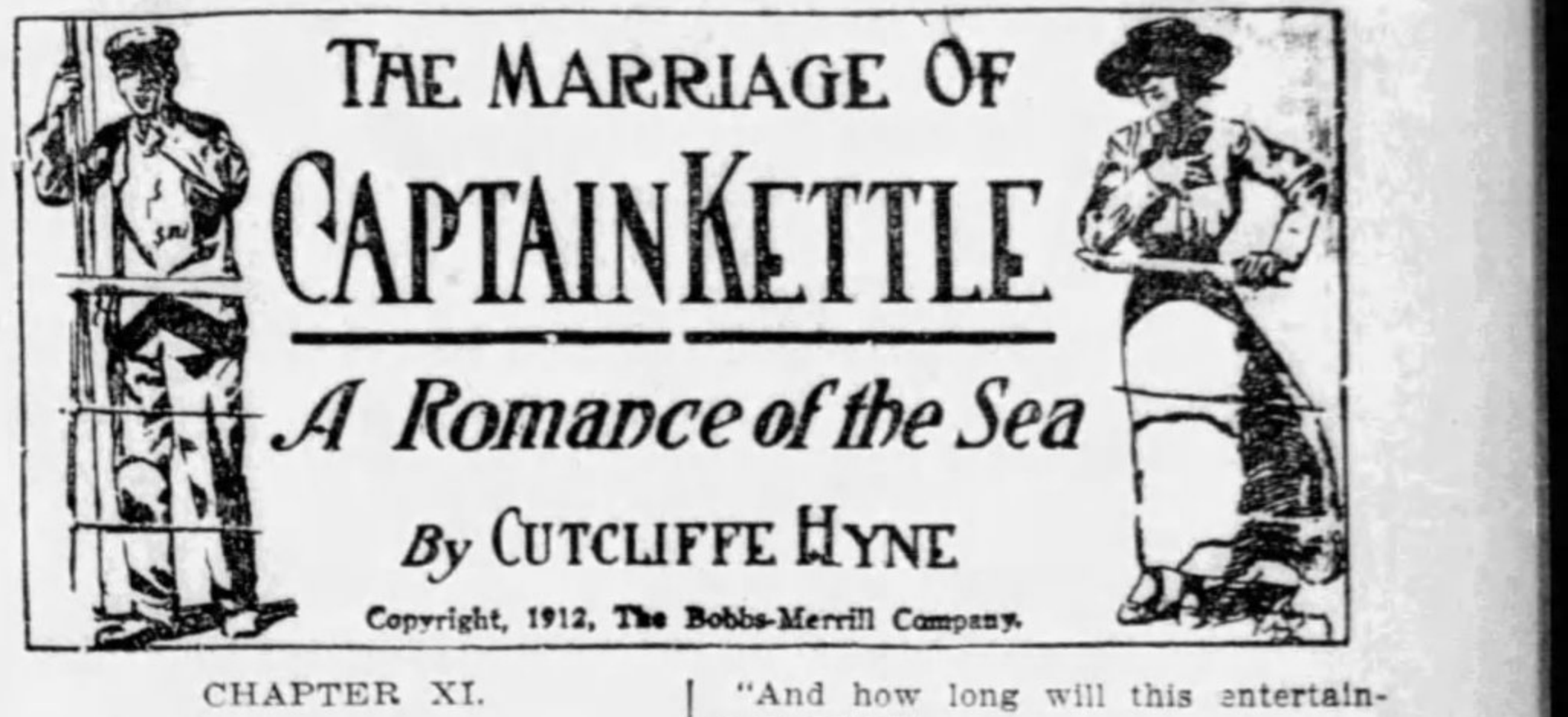
Our First Row.

Now, to the wrong kind of man all this might have meant nothing at all. But in Joe Murray's case it meant everything. He was by nature as straight a man, as fearless and as staunchly loyal, as anyone whom I have ever met, a man to be trusted in any position demanding courage, integrity and good faith. He did his duty in public service and became devotedly attached to the organization which he felt had given him his chance in life. When I knew him he was already making his way up; one of the proofs and evidences of which was that he owned a first class racing trotter—"Alice Jane"—behind which he gave me more than one spin. During this first winter I grew to like Joe and his particular cronies. But I had no idea that they especially returned the liking, and in the first row we had in the organization (which arose over a movement that I backed to stand by a non-partisan method of street-cleaning) Joe and all his friends stood stiffly with the machine, and my side, the reform side, was left with only some half a dozen votes out of three or four hundred. I had expected no other outcome and took it good-humoredly, but without changing my attitude.

The Legislature.

Next fall, as the elections drew near, Joe thought he would like to make a drive at Jake Hess, and after considerable planning, decided that his best chance lay in the fight for the nomination to the assembly, the lower house of the legislature. He picked me as the candidate with whom he would be most likely to win; and win he did. It was not my fight, it was Joe's; and it was to him that I owe my entry into politics. I had at that time neither the reputation nor the ability to have won the nomination for myself, and indeed never would have thought of trying for it.

Jake Hess was entirely good-humored about it. In spite of my being anti-machine, my relations with him had been friendly and human, and when he was beaten he turned in to help Joe elect me. At first they thought they would take me on a personal canvass through the saloons along Sixth avenue. The canvass, however, did not last beyond the first saloon. I was introduced with proper solemnity to the saloon-keeper—a very important personage, for this was before the days when saloon-keepers became merely the mortgaged chattels of the brewers—and he began to cross-examine me, a little too much in the tone of one who was dealing with a suppliant for his favor. He said he expected that I would of course, treat the liquor business fairly; to which I answered, none too cordially, that I hoped I should treat all interests fairly. He then said that he regarded the licenses as too high; to which I responded that I believed they were really not high enough, and that I should try to have them made higher. The conversation threatened to become stormy. Messrs. Murray and Hess, on some hastily improvised plea, took me out into the street and then Joe explained that it was not worth my while staying in Sixth avenue any longer, that I had better go right back to Fifth avenue and attend to my friends there, and that he would look after my interests on Sixth avenue. I was triumphantly elected.



THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN KETTLE

A Romance of the Sea

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE

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CHAPTER XI.

Disengagement.

"I'm dreadfully sorry," said Sir George next morning, "that I didn't think of telling you the steamer's name. It didn't seem to me important, and, in fact, as I've told you, I forgot it. I knew, of course, the details of my sister's escapade when she met you first, but the names of the boats never came into the tale; one was German and the other British, and that's all the details I got; and until you returned aboard here off that ghastly surf-boat, and scared us all out of our wits last night, she'd never had the curiosity to inquire the name of the ship my unlucky cousin had interested me in. It all sounds perfectly impossible, of course—"

"But as you know by this time," Miss Chesterman cut in, "what a dear old muddler my brother is over business matters, I'm sure you'll understand how it came about."

"Miss," said Captain Kettle, "and sir, I'm grateful for what you say. I was a good deal upset last night. But I don't see that even if I'd known that it was the poor old Towers we were after it would have made any real difference. With the knowledge in my pocket I couldn't have looked for her more keenly, nor would my duty to my owner have made me look less hard, and there you are. I should have taken on the billet just the same, and glad of it, even if you'd told me the old girl's name that first night at the Mason's Arms, back there in Foston. It's been a jar to find that my old sea-daddy's drowned, and me thinking him sailing the seas, with his false teeth in his chart room drawer as merry as ever; but I guess sailors are paid to drown when necessary, and there, if you please, we'll leave it. Question is now taking this steamboat in through those reefs. It's going to be a job and a half."

"Can't you manage it?"

"Sir, with respect, I can take any steamboat that's built through any channel where there's water enough to float her. But when I'm put to being my own pilot, I've got to survey the channel first."

"But surely you know the way now, after being in and out?"

"There's a vast difference, miss, between dodging through in a rowboat that will float in two feet of water, and taking in a fine craft like this"—Captain Kettle cast his eye proudly over his little command—"that draws 13 foot 2. There must be a channel somewhere, because, as you know, the old Towers blew in without touching. But the whole place is a regular stoneyard, and I tell you freely that how my surf-boat escaped getting smashed a good score of times beats all my experience."

"Is there such a thing as tide here?"

"Water runs in places like a mill-race, sir."

"Presumably the Norman Towers must have gone under, over or through the reefs. Perhaps when my cousin was here it was the top of a spring tide that helped her over."

"That would help, of course. But my idea is that there's a proper fairway, and there's nothing to do but take the ground, square by square, in that surf-boat, and plot out the whole scheme of the banks and reefs with as many cross-bearings as one can get. Then, with some leading marks built ashore, and perhaps a buoy or two if the channels get very twisted, I'll be able, if the weather gives us a fair smooth sea, to take her in."

"And how long will this entertainment take?"

"A week, sir, at the very lowest estimate, and perhaps two if it breezes up again. If it comes to narrow soundings a man can't get accurate depths when he doesn't know if the sea's lifting them a couple of fathoms above the normal, or dropping him 12 feet beneath it."

"Good Lord, Skipper, you can't expect us to stay and be seasick here for another mortal week."

"I was going to say, sir, that we're low on coal, and have made a big hole in the water and stores. It would be best if you'd take the Wangaroo back to the islands for bunkers and provisions. You'll be back here again before I'm ready. And you'll find Mr. Trethewy a perfectly competent navigator, and you'll not miss the six men I want to keep."

"And leave you here to grill in that twopenny boat? My dear fellow, that comes inside the cruelty clause. We couldn't sleep for thinking of you. Don't you agree, Violet?"

"I shall take along a spare awning and a couple of spars to make a tent, and I marked down in my eye an island that's just the place for a camp. There didn't seem to be any fuel, so we'll need a couple of bags of coal, but with those and rations, we'll be comfortable enough till you return; and indeed, sir, if you come to think the business out, there's no other way for it."

So the scheme was agreed to, and Kettle fitted his boat, and went below to say goodby to Miss Dubbs before making his adieus to her employers on deck.

But that stately young person gave him a very chilly recetpion. She was vastly civil, one might almost say offensively so, but as far as a temperature of some 83 degrees Farenheit would permit, her conversation was ice.

A sentence or two passed before Captain Kettle observed this. As has been recorded before their mode of addressing one another was always elegantly formal, and at first he thought that the lady's remarks were built on this model, and not studiously designed to denote offense.

But presently she left him beyond possible doubt as to her meaning.

"I would have you understand, Captain, that I am not your dear, or anything so familiar. To you, I am either 'Miss Dubbs,' or 'stewardess,' whichever you prefer."

"I told you in Las Palmas harbor how awkward it would be if we were serving together on the same ship, and I was captain."

"You did, and it has been very awkward. I felt I intruded, though Miss Violet, to give her her due, never let me see she thought so. However, when the pair of you get back to the Norman Towers you will be able to renew old scenes."

"I might have told you before about meeting her out west," said Kettle miserably, "but I thought that was all passed and done with, and never expected to see her again. As you know, it was a perfect surprise to me, her coming to Grand Canary. You were a surprise, too, for that matter."

Miss Dubbs' elaborate black hair seemed fairly to bristle. "Ah, now we get to the truth, Captain. I was a surprise if you like. Plain, indeed, it was you didn't expect to see me, and you never disguised your disapointment. I was the little intruder, wasn't I? And you thought you were going to pick it up again with Miss Violet where you'd left it off, and play her the Moonlight Sonata on the accordion when Sir George was having his after-supper sleep? Oh, don't tell me. Haven't I seen you walking her out along the decks, and catching her by the elbow when she made believe she was losing her footing through the roll? Liver wing at dinner and, 'quartermaster, bring aft deck chair for Miss Chesterman?' That's all right. That's her due. That's what you're paid for. But when it comes to pipe-claying her white shoes with your own fingers, that's the limit. It's no use denying it. I saw you at 'em through your own port-hole. Even a stewardess must come on deck some times."

"I deny nothing that I have done. I pipe-clayed the shoes because the steward can't do it decently and won't learn. "I'll clean yours, too, if you'll let me."

"No one touches my shoes but my husband, which is what you'll never be. Here's your engagement ring."

"You'd better keep it."

"If you'd prefer I should give it to the other girl, just say so. Pah!" said Miss Dubbs, swelling out her chest, "you can't think how I despise you, Captain. No, don't try to stop me; I'm going to my room."

It was then, with the dismal knowledge that the matter of his engagement had gone hopelessly awry, that Captain Kettle in a surf-boat laden with men, coal bags, meat tins, water breakers, biscuit sacks, rifles, rope, ammunition, canvas, sounding leads and other cargo, put off from the Wangaroo, which forthwith turned her tail on him and steamed away to sea. Twelve very strenuous day passed over his head before his was able to rejoin her.

CHAPTER XII.

A Channel to the Lagoon.

After strenuous battling with seas flogged by the trade, the Wangaroo steamed up once more to her station off the African coast and hooted impressively on her siren to announce her arrival. That enormous siren, replacing one of the normal calibre for a 750 ton boat, was an extravagance which Captain Kettle had almost coyly wheedled out of the steamer's canny owner before leaving the Tyne.

A stained red ensign on the top of a pole which was perched on the crown of a striped sand-dune blew out by way of answer, but the boat did not come out on that day, or any of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO

Japanese View of Anti-Alien Land Law

The action of the California legislature in passing the anti-Japanese land act, ignoring the most reasonable pleading on its floor of Secretary Bryan for the postponement of the enactment until diplomatic endeavors were made to find a satisfactory settlement of the issue, is beyond one's comprehension. Patriotism, justice and wisdom seem to have been thrown to the winds by the California legislature for the single purpose of vindicating its view of the state's right to enact such a law, so Toyokichi Iyenaga, University of Chicago lecturer, writes to the New York Times, and continues:

One is constrained to think that the California legislators have been moved more by provincialism than by true patriotism in refusing to accede to the wish of the President and the United States, and the hearken to the voice of the American people at large. The voice of the nation, as echoed by its press, stood thus:

Out of 1,300 editorial articles from about 800 different papers of the country gathered by the Japan Society of New York for the purpose of ascertaining public opinion from press clippings during a period of four days, the following estimate or classification can be made: Editorials in about 400 newspapers were rather suggested by the subject than directly commenting upon it, hence they may be left out of the count; editorials in 120 newspapers discussed the situation seriously, but so judiciously that they cannot be classified; 207 newspapers condemned California, commended the President's course, and declared that the nation cannot allow discrimination against the Japanese, and 25 newspapers supported California.

It is, then, clear that the California legislators have acted in defiance of the belief of the American nation, so far as it is reflected in the press, and are prepared to sacrifice the best interests of the country for the sake of asserting their vaunted right to do as they choose.

That the California legislators gave no heed to the dictates of justice, but acted in contravention to the spirit of the American-Japanese treaty, which the senators from California took a hand in ratifying in 1911, hardly needs any demonstration. The warnings given by President Wilson the extraordinary mission of Mr. Bryan to California the whole history of the controversy the minutes of the discussion on the floors of both houses of the California assembly when its members did not mince words, and, above all, the very law itself, which allows enjoyment of the rights of owning and leasing land, hitherto enjoyed by all aliens, to those who are eligible to American citizenship, while the same rights are denied or limited to those not eligible to citizenship—these are too conclusive to admit the denial of the specific discrimination aimed at by the act against the Japanese.

True, the phraseology in the measure just passed has been somewhat modified, and by this technical device, the effort has been made to bring it into harmony with the letter of the existing treaty. To try to cloud the vital point by such subterfuge is, however, to say the least, too un-American. The Japanese have already learned English enough to know that there is no distinction between "ineligible" and "not eligible."

What strikes me most is the lack of wisdom displayed by the California legislators. If there was real need for the welfare of California to prevent or restrict the Japanese from owning or leasing land in the state, its leaders could have proceeded to accomplish their end by more peaceful and courteous means, instead of proclaiming in the face of the Japanese the doctrine of their inferiority, and making it the cause of depriving them of the rights and privileges hitherto enjoyed.

Abe Martin

Ther's lots o' difference between a first class housekeeper an' a homemaker.

Copper in Cents

Harper's Weekly.

A one-cent piece is made from almost chemically pure copper, which is obtained by the new electric methods. Formerly the refining of copper was an expensive process, but with the utilization of electricity the expense has been materially decreased.

The copper is placed at one end of a tank filled with water. This is called a node, or positive pole. The action of a powerful electric current releases the copper, carries it through the water, and deposits it on the negative, or cathode pole. The result is what is known as "electrolytic' or "cathode" copper. This is the material of which pennies are made.

While the "electrolytic" is the purest known copper, the "Lake" copper brings a sightly higher price in the market. This is because there is a small amount of silver in all the copper from the Lake Superior region. It is, however, of such limited quantity that it can not be separated at a profit. Silver, moreover, is a better conductor of electricity than copper, and therefore for commercial purposes the "Lake" copper is in such demand that it brings a better price.

He's Running New Tariff Bill Now

U.S. SENATOR
F.M. SIMMONS

Washington, May 21.—Senator F. M. Simmons, chairman of the finance committee of the senate, faces a long fight over the tariff bill which is now before his body. It is expected that the bill which was passed in the house will be considered in committee until about June 1. Sub-committees of the finance committee have had the bill under consideration informally, and they are about ready to eport to the full committee on the carious shedules and administrative features. Few changes will be recommended by the sub-committees, though protests against many rates have been filed.

My Share

By Cora A. Matson Dolson.

I have no lands, I have no gold,
  Fame's way my footsteps miss;
But I've my baby girl to hold,
  My little lad to kiss.
To helpful heights I may not reach,
  Or tides of error stay;
Be mine the sweeter task, to teach
  Their unstained lips to pray.

—Good Housekeeping.

ICEBERGS RAISE SEA TEMPERATURE

H. T. Barnes, F. S. R., professor of physics at McGill University, Montreal, recently discovered that icebergs cause the temperature of the sea to rise. With the aid of a micro-thermometer he studied the question in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, off the coast of Labrador and across the Atlantic. The Canadian government has printed his report, which upsets popular belief, and some of the foreign publications—particularly the Illustrated London News—give much space to the subject.

"The explanation of the warming influence of an iceberg," writes Mr. Barnes, "can be understood from the following: Consider an iceberg, which is always composed of fresh water ice, floating in the salt water of the sea. It produces by its melting, fresh water, which is carried downward by the convective action of the inflowing salt water. * * * The surface water, however, has no tendency to sink on account of its horizontal motion. In consequence of this, all the heat radiates from the sun and sky, which is absorbed in this water, accumulates, and is not dispersed by the sea water movements. The wind stirs up the waves, but this action does not extend very deep. It is only by the convective circulation that the sun's heat is distributed to a greater depth. In this way the water around the berg becomes warmer than the surrounding sea temperature, and produces the rise of temperature always observed first on approaching an iceberg.

"The popular belief is that ice cools the water, but the cooling action of an iceberg is enormously less than the accumulative heating action of radiation on the surface of the sea. It is true that the presence of colder currents are told by the fall of temperature, but this does not mean that an iceberg is in the immediate neighborhood. It merely means that ice may be expected. The actual effect of an iceberg is to produce a rising temperature in its immediate vicinity.

"Icebergs may be approached without showing any cooling effect at all, but only a rise; on the other hand, a cooling effect may be observed after the rise, but this is not due to the direct action of the ice, but to the fact that the iceberg is being carried along by a more rapid current and therefore a cooler current. The cooler current would have been met with had no ice been about. Only one thing is inseparably connected with the action of the ice, and that is the rise of temperature."

Miracle of Machinery

Cleveland Leader.

Last season the largest coal cargo carried on the Great Lakes was 13,116 tons. The steamer W. P. Snyder took it from Ashtabula to Duluth. That load would give 1,311 families a year's supply of coal at 10 tons to the household.

The same season the steamer Willis L. King carried 421,000 bushels of wheat from Fort William to Buffalo. That meant the yield of 21,050 acres of land at an average of 20 bushels to the acre. It was equal to the wheat crop of 700 or 800 good-sized Ohio farms—that is, of the land Ohio farmers in a wheat growing section would put into wheat in an average year.

A third big steamer, the J. M. Schoonmaker, brought down from Duluth to Ashtabula a cargo of 11,942 tons of iron ore. Ore tonnage is reckoned in long tons of 2,240 pounds, and this load was equivalent to more than 13,300 ordinary tons.

These figures touch upon one of the modern miracles of machinery and applied science, but it is not because of their magnitude. The marvel is that such cargoes are moved at a fuel cost equivalent to carrying a ton of coal or ore, or 33 or 34 bushels of wheat a mile by burning a lump of coal the size of a hickorynut.

Far back in the interior of China, a thousand miles from the sea, a coolie can be hired for seven cents a day in American money to carry 150 pounds on his back, about 13 miles between dawn and darkness. Yet at that almost incredibly low wage, the poor human pack animal costs about 100 times as much as the usual freight rate for a like distance and the same weight on a lake steamer of the first class.

FARMERS - MERCHANTS - AGENTS ATTENTION! —DO YOU WANT THIS 1913 MODEL Ford AUTOMOBILE FREE

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WILBUR STOCK FOOD CO. 664 Michigan St. Milwaukee, Wis.

The Marriage of Captain Kettle

(Continued from First Page.)

three succeeding days. At intervals Miss Chesterman said she heard firing, but her brother, who prided himself on knowing a gunshot when he heard one, said that the noise was caused by the surf on the abounding reefs. The black-haired Miss Dubbs strained her eyes toward the shore till black shadows grew beneath them, but what opinions she had on the matter she kept to herself.

On the twelfth day the surf-boat came out, handled very dashingly under sail, ran with much smartness alongside and emitted a spruce, sun-scorched Captain Kettle.

After salutations had passed, a meeting was called in the privacy of the chart house.

"Miss," said the little sailor, "I'm free to own I'm sorry to see you. I've been hoping all these days you'd have stayed behind in Las Palmas. And now, sir, the best advice I can give is that we run back and leave Miss Violet where she ought to be."

"Just this, sir. The Moors think she's their ship."

"And you're going to let it rest at that?"

Captain Kettle, as far as the action of the sun on his complexion would allow, flushed. "I thought, sir, you knew me better The Norman Towers is your ship, and you're going to have her to realize on, as per contract, but there may possibly be a little trouble before we get her out, and I thought better that Miss Violet should be spared the seeing it."

"Danger, Captain, do you mean?"

"No, miss. I prefer to call it trouble."

"Well, if you're appealing to me, my answer is that I shan't go back. And if you're trying to influence my brother, he'll tell you he's attempted ever since I was in short frocks to make me do as he liked, and has invariably failed. So unless you've other and stronger arguments to bring to bear, I'm afraid you must still continue to put up with me as a member of your crew. Stewardess, aren't I, by the way, the same as Du—— on the same official footing, I mean, as Miss Dubbs?"

"I didn't see any other capacity under which to sign you on, miss. The board of trade is very strict in these matters, and if you don't conform in the proper way and put in the fool entries they want on the crew sheet, and can go to sleep over, there's a correspondence started that'll last a ship master half a lifetime."

"Hadn't you better tell us exactly what you did find ashore?"

"That would be the best way, sir. Well, to begin with, what you see from here is not a coast, but a chain of small islands and reefs and sandbanks running along parallel to the edge of the mainland, sometimes 100 yards away from it, sometimes two miles. The space between where we are now and the main opening is dotted with sand and lumps of stone just about as thick as the black squares on a draught board, but not a bit regular. How the old Towers blew in there without touching—or if she touched without breaking up—is more than I can tell you. If I was an imaginative man I should say that simplest explanation was that she grew wings and flew in over the top. As I'm not that, the only thing I can think of is, the Lord saw it was best for some one that she get inside, and He sent a leading wind, and steered her in Himself. However, there she's got, and I must say that as far as the eye can tell she seems as sound as a bottle."

"But didn't you get on board to make a full examination?"

"I did not, miss, this time. The Moors had taken possession, and as there were at least 600 of them on her decks when we hove in sight, and as I'd only six of a crew in the surf boat, I concluded to leave them where they were for the time being."

"And they shot at you?" There George, I told you those were shots we heard."

"The Norman Towers has a couple of brass signal guns, miss, and they must have brought some of their own powder on board, and used stone for shot. I suppose the noise and the powder smell pleased them, and the stones certainly didn't hit us, so all was well. If there'd been need, of course I should have gone on board, but as we were, so to speak, merely a reconnoitering expedition, and our job was to do a survey of the channel, I concluded to let them enjoy their war dance in peace. All the same, I've got the idea there's a white man directing them."

"How's that?"

"They're showing more savvy than it's good for niggers to possess. And they're looking ahead, and that's a thing clear outside the ordinary colored man's contract. What do you suppose there would be on board that any Moor would care to loot? A few movables that would perhaps add up to five or six hundred pounds in value. And then when he'd got those, and started to break the port hole glasses, and the gage glasses, and the few sky light glasses, and smash the door panels out of sheer light heartedness, and to throw overboard hatch covers and wheel gratings, and other trifles they didn't want, what would be the bill for damages to an old ore tramp like the Norman Towers? Call it another five hundred pounds. Well, and after that, when they'd got tired of trampling mud off their splay toes into the saloon carpet, and had looked through the reserve coal bunker to make sure that wasn't the treasure room, what would be the next move? Go home with what they'd got, and swap lies about it round the kitchen fire? That would be the ordinary colored man's scheme of enjoyment. And if you asked him if he wouldn't take the steamer and her cargo along while he was there, he'd say he was much obliged, but really he'd got no immediate use for her. Do you follow my argument?"

"Yes, that seems all right. But aren't they doing as you say?"

"They're not, sir. They're arranging to hold the Norman Towers for keeps, and I tell you straight we're going to have a tough job in getting her away from them."

"But in wonder's name, what do they want her for?"

"That's what's bothering me, sir. That's why I seem to smell out the white man with the head piece at the back of this pack of darkies, though even what his game is I can't guess. I tell you I'd be a lot easier if I could, because then one could fix up a plan to upset it, whereas as it is he's getting in all his moves undisturbed."

Sir George squared his big shoulders. "Can you get this boat in moderately close alongside?"

"Right up against her plates, if you want her there."

"Well, what's wrong with telling your beauties here with the rifles to pump lead into every one we see on the Norman Tower's deck till those that are left get sick of it and clear off? Then we proceed to make fast a tow rope and pull her out, and so across to Las Palmas, where we sell her, for cash down, to some enterprising juggins who's in need of an antique steamboat and a cargo of copper concentrates, and live happily ever afterwards on the proceeds. Sounds beautifully simple."

"Far too simple, sir," said the little sailor emphatically. "I'm just convinced that there's a bad snag waiting for us to run ourselves against it somewhere. And will you please tell me what's the meaning of this: they're quarrying?"

"Quarrying what?"

"Stone as far as I could see. And it didn't look like a mine either. There was a great chocolate colored slab of rock sticking up out of the beach just behind where the Towers was lying, and they were as busy on it as a hive of bees. There must have been seven or eight hundred on that job, and they stuck to it like little men all the time daylight lasted. They'd a night shift, too, because we heard them working, though how many there were on that it was too dark to see. Mark you, it wasn't work they were used to; they none of them seemed to have much skill in navvying; and though they'd got a heap of iron bars and shovels from the stoke hold, they seemed to prefer gathering fallen stone from the screes, to splitting off fresh chunks from the face. Chocolate colored stone it was; rummy looking stuff."

"Perhaps it's iron ore and they're filling the Towers down to her marks with it, as a present to the salvors for their kindness in coming to remove the eyesore from the local landscape."

"Well, it might be iron ore, or copper, or gold, or just plain stone; I'm not a miner, and couldn't say; but they weren't making any attempt to bring it on board. They were simply piling it in heaps along the beach."

"Did they look as if they were building a fort with it?"

"I thought of that, but couldn't see a trace of it. If they'd intended putting up a building, one thinks they'd have piled their heaps four-square, so as to be handy for the masons. But there was no arrangement like that. The heaps were, as I've said, all strung out in a line along the beach behind the Norman Towers, and there was no attempt at sorting out the stone, or squaring up the chunks They might have been dumped there for road making."

Sir George Chesterman was impressed. "Violet, I wish to heaven you were back at Las Palmas."

"And I'm devoutly glad I'm not. Do you think I'm not curious, too?"

"Oh, I'll admit your curiosity. But I'm getting to be of Captain Kettle's opinion: the one thing we are reasonably sure of arriving at out of all this, is the unexpected. He said those fellows were as busy as a hive of bees. It will probably occur to your wisdom that bees sometimes sting, and when they do they can be disgustingly dangerous. I remember once, when you were a small child, you must needs stir up a hive in the Hall garden with a walking-stick. I remember the way you got stung about the legs. Remarkably fine pair of legs, too, you had at that time."

"As I have now, and as they suit me down to the ground you needn't refer to them further. But if you know bees are going to sting, it's very easy to take precautions, and then they can't get at you."

"I tried being a bee master once," said Sir George pulling the big retriever's ear.

"Ah, sir, I envy you there. I always hope to retire from the sea some day and take up a country life."

"Then you take my tip and let bees alone. I always preferred to let the other expert handle them after I'd made the first few attempts."

"I think it would be most comfortable, sir, if you'd allow me just to run you and the ladies back to Las Palmas first before we tackled the job."

Sir George Chesterman lay back in his chair and laughed. "My good Skipper," he said, "you're dangling the bait of a real lively new sensation before my nose, and then you propose to whisk it away, and put me back again in cotton wool. Oh, Diamond, Diamond, you little know what you have done."

Captain Kettle pulled rather nervously at his red beard. "Then am I to understand, sir, that you—"

"I'm here to watch this business put through, and to help as far as I can. You're the better man of the two, Captain, in every way, and you are in command now and I wish you to remain in command. I here and now resign my billet of idle passenger and critic of cocktails. I ask to serve under you, and am ready to take up any job you think I'm capable of, from personal aide-de-camp down to assistant cook. Miss Chesterman also, if I know anything about her, will do every ounce she can, and if unfortunately, any one gets hurt, well I believe she once picked up some hospital training the month she tired of the sensation of being sweet on a doctor. The ship and all that's inside her is at your entire disposal, and if you want another ship and more men, say the word, and I'll get them for you. I'd no idea when I left England we were going to come up against what looks uncommonly like a private war, but, by God, now we're in for it I'm going to see it through."

"The blood of the Chestermans is evidently stirred," said Violet. "I call upon you all to hear me deliberately utter the word Hooroo. Captain Kettle, I echo my newly awakened brother's words. I am yours to command."

"Sir and miss," said the little sailor, "you shall never regret the confidence shown in me, and I'll pull that steamboat out, if I have to murder half the niggers in Africa to get her clear. It's not business, of course, to say such a thing, but a job like this always comes in sweeter to one when it turns out a lot harder than one had any decent reason to expect. I tell you there were nights in the surf-boat when we crept in to see what they were up to, when I could have sung to think what a hard nut that white man ashore was baking for me to crack."

"But I thought you were to make a camp on one of the islets, and sleep in a tent?"

"That was the scheme, miss, but you see with these Moors all over the place it occurred to me that they could either swim or raft themselves across to the islands at the other side of the lagoon if they felt that way inclined and it's unpleasant having one's sleep disturbed. So we lived it out in the boat, and the watch below had the floor boards. Those bags of coal weren't wasted either. We used them as anchors for three of our mark buoys. You see, I didn't think it was worth while to go ashore and build those leading marks I spoke about, because it was as likely as not with a smart white man to put them up to it, the Moors would pull them down and build them in other spots, so that any one relying on them to run in by would pile up his ship on some reef he'd calculated to avoid. You see, the trouble about the shore over yonder is that it's all made to a pattern, with no outstanding features that one can pick up to a base a bearing on."

"But you took no stove on the boat. How did you cook?"

"We didn't. We just ate our tucker as it came, and were glad it was there. But I must say the hands did get riled with one thing, and that was the gulls. The gulls on this station had evidently not seen a boat before, and they thought we were in trouble, and would presently be chop for them; and they followed us day and night with their tired flap-flapping, or else swimming beside the boat, never winking, never sleeping, till the hands began to lose temper and want to use their rifles. Of course, I wasn't going to let them waste your cartridges, sir, for a matter of sentiment, and told them that if they kept alive, which was what they were paid for, the birds wouldn't want to pick their eyes out. But I never could get them to see it that way, and just to show you how unreasonable hands are with an officer, I may say that I've had to attend to every one of my six—and most of them more than once—just because they were scared at seeing those birds always there, and always staring at them with those shiny unwinking eyes."

A fireman came up: "Chief engineer wishes me to tell you, sir, he's got steam for eight knots."

"Right," said Captain Kettle. "Then, as all is settled, sir and miss, I'll take her in at once."

There is a much-abused term that one often hears applied to mariners that such an one is a "daring seaman." It would pain me to see that label put to Captain Kettle. Plucky he was to the ends of his fingers, and resourceful, and skillful, and when nothing else would serve, reckless. But he was never a man to take risks with any vessel under his command, when those risks could be legitimately avoided.

He knew the capabilities of the Wangaroo to the last ounce. Under his command she had been tuned up among other things to give a full knot more speed than she had logged in coming down the North Sea. Yet (thanks to the genius of her designer) she was probably the unhandiest little thing of her size afloat, and there was no getting over the fact of those unpremeditated sheers out of her course. When the whim seized her, and from no other ascertainable cause, she would at intervals, and without the slightest warning, take a sudden lunge to starboard from which no amount of helm would steady her until she had had her fling. The which was an uncomfortable habit when one was navigating down a narrow fairway.

The run inshore was unnerving enough to the spectator. There was a moderate swell running, and though the bottle-green water did not break unless it was especially irritated, here and there little annular gardens of surf spoke of dangers out of sight.

To be Continued.

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

THE FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers for answers. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experiments, which will be the most valuable answers.

One woman, who fails to give her name and address, wants to know what she can put on her rose bushes to keep the green and white lice away. Will somebody kindly help her?

Who can tell me how to destroy chicken lice? I can rid the buildings of the mites well enough, but the kind that stay on the chickens are hard to deal with. This is the little gray louse. Who knows of a dip in which the chickens may be submerged that will destroy the lice? I have tried different kinds of powders without success.—L., Long Bottom, Ohio.

Will somebody kindly tell me what will kill red ants on corn? Also what will destroy chicken mites, and how to rid the henhouse of the pests?—R., Mayfield, Ky.

I wish somebody would tell, through the Farmstead columns, how to kill yellow plantain in a garden.—Mrs. C., Cheat Haven, Pa.

Cementing Brick.

Mrs. D., Edgerton, Ohio: You can plaster brick with a coating of cement, using one-half sand to one-half cement, and put on thin before the cement has become dry. Go over it again with a thin coat. As to how it will answer the purpose for which you want it, that is another question. My advice to you would be to get molasses barrels or vinegar barrels for your vinegar.—C.

Alfalfa Inoculation.

The Nebraska Experiment Station has just issued Bulletin No. 136, entitled "Alfalfa Inoculation Tests." The bulletin was written by C. W. Pugsley, and gives the results of two years' co-operative experiments in the inoculation of alfalfa.

The oc-operators tried out and compared the effect of these treatments in securing stands of alfalfa and on the subsequent growth; first, liquid cultures sent by the United States department of agriculture; second, soil from well-established alfalfa fields; and third, farm manure. The years 1910 and 1911 were dry and unfavorable for the growth of alfalfa, while grasshoppers were troublesome in some localities, so that not all of the co-operators secured a stand of alfalfa upon any of the trial plots. The results obtained from those who secured a stand lead to the following conclusions:

The use of farm manure in proper amounts and properly applied is to be strongly recommended.

Where any difficulty is experienced in securing a good stand or vigorous growth of alfalfa, inoculation is recommended.

Inoculation with soil from a well-established alfalfa field gave uniformly better results than were secured by use of liquid cultures.

Missing Chunks and Hills.

None of us, if given a big gold nugget, would pay it out in chunks knocked off at random without regard to the size or the value of the chunk. Instead we would try and convert it into the most convenient form for making it go as far as possible and getting the greatest amount of value out of it. The random method would seem foolish almost to the border of insanity; still that is exactly what many of us are doing with the gold nuggets of fertility which we expend upon our farms.

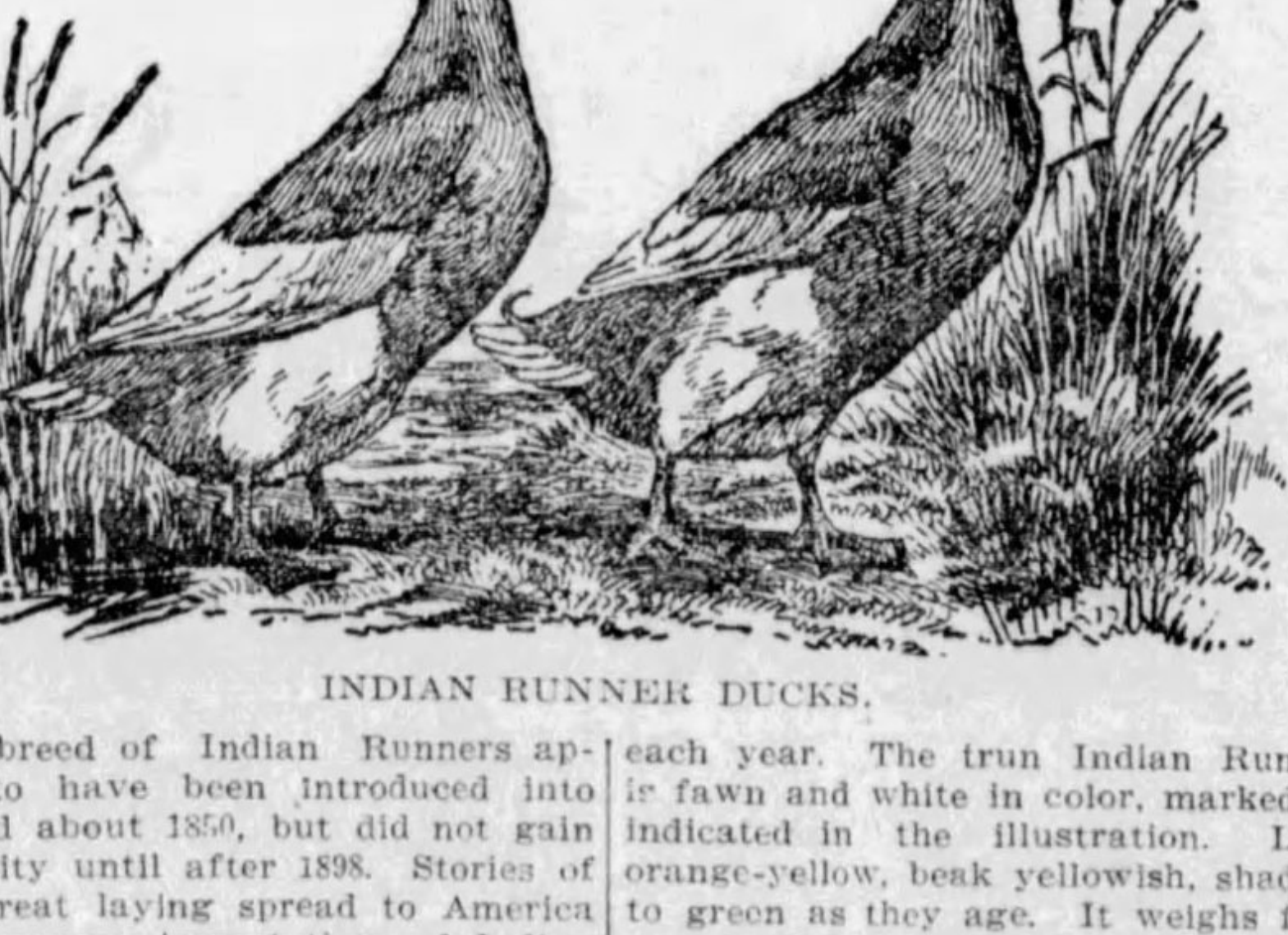
The best of hand spreading, under the most favorable of conditions, leaves spots that are bare of fertility, while only a little way from them will be chunks of unbroken manure that is worse than wasted because the soil under them will be saturated with the strong juices to the point where plant growth is literally strangled; while the unabsorbed portion lies above the surface to evaporate and escape into the air.

A few years ago a close student of agriculture discovered that millions of dollars are annually lost because of the missing hills of corn in the fields. He commenced a national campaign for tested seeds that has saved the world an immense annual loss through what at first seemed of trifling importance. What about these missing hills, these infertile spots, due to the uneven application of manure; spots that prevail not in the corn fields alone, but in the meadows and other cultivated fields? Their proportion is certainly much greater, in hand-spread fields, than was that of the missing hills through poor crops.

The manure spreader is as much a necessity to all crops today as is the seed-tester. It eliminates the missing hills. It prevents the over-feeding of some spots upon the field, the starving of others. It is a great labor saver, too, but that has been to some extent unfortunate because it has focused the attention to that feature and made people overlook the far greater mission of better distribution. With the spreader every portion of the ground receives its own share of plant food; there are no chunks paid out at random at the expense of the hungry spots between. This is as it should be. No one can afford to throw away the manure pile on the farm any more than he can afford to squander the price received from the crop. Every particle of the pile represents a definite value; it should be considered as the food portion for some definite patch of ground. We are cheating the land of its fertility and the plant of its food if we do not put it there.

A good manure spreader pays as certainly as good seeds pay; just as surely as it pays to give out only value for value from our gold nugget rather than to throw our wealth of any kind around with a reckless hand. A spreader, though, is one of those farm implements which has to be tried before it is fully appreciated, and that is unfailingly appreciated wherever it is tried.—Wm. Galloway.

Ducks That Have Made Good



INDIAN RUNNER DUCKS.

This breed of Indian Runners appears to have been introduced into England about 1850, but did not gain popularity until after 1898. Stories of their great laying spread to America and numerous importations of Indian Runners have been made. They appear to have "made good," as their popularity becomes more pronounced each year. The trun Indian Runner is fawn and white in color, marked as indicated in the illustration. Legs orange-yellow, beak yellowish, shading to green as they age. It weighs four pounds for ducks, four and one-half pounds for drakes. It is credited with averaging from 180 to 190 eggs per annum.

Good Cement Work.

Screen the sand and gravel if you want good concrete. Cement is no magic material. Even the best Portland cement, when water is added, only binds the sand and gravel and forms artificial stone. Properly made concrete is everlasting, but the farmer must use both care and commonsense for good results.

Buy a one-fourth-inch screen or wire cloth from the hardware dealer. Then screen the bank gravel. All the particles which go through the one-fourth-inch mesh the farmer can class as sand. The rest can be called gravel up to stones about 1½ to 2½ inches in size, which can be used in foundation walls and other mass work. Stone or gravel larger than 2½ inches in diameter should never be used in any concrete work.

For example, barn floors, etc., if not reinforced, gravel up to 1¼ to 1½ inches in size may be used.

For any reinforced concrete work, especially silos, water tanks, water troughs, hog dips and smaller work like mangers and door steps, no gravel or stones over three-quarter-inch in diameter must ever be used.

If the farmer will only take pains to screen his gravel and sand (or aggregates, as the engineers say) and use standard Portland cement, there is no reason why he should not be able to make a first-class job on any concrete work which he may undertake. He must, of course, use proper reinforcing material, steel bars, or wire fencing, as the case may be.

Sometimes clay or other sticky soil is mixed with the sand and gravel. The farmer must turn his garden hose on it, preferably after screening, and wash off these sticky particles so that the cement can surround each particle and make a good bond.

LIVE STOCK

Docking the Lambs.

Docking is the only safe and logical thing to do, because when the lambs go into fresh grass they tend to scour a bit, and the long tails, with considerable wool already grown, accumulate filth. This is not only unsightly and a detriment to the lamb, but is a likely place of infection by the blow-fly. Thus docking and castrating are simply good management, and neglect of these operations indicates either lack of knowledge or slovenly methods.

Various ways of performing these operations are recommended. In docking, three methods are in common use by various sheepmen. Some use a mallet and chisel, placing the tail across a wooden black and severing it by a smart blow with the mallet on a broad chisel. In following this method not less than a two-inch chisel should be used and a mallet heavy enough to insure severing the tail at one stroke. Also the lamb should be held on its back so that the tail is cut from the under side, and the chisel so held that the bone of the tail will be cut shorter than the skin above.

The operator should be very careful to cut the tail at a point, otherwise the bone is likely to be broken or crushed. The length of tail that is most desirable varies according to the whim of the operator, but from one to two inches is a good length. All the lambs in a flock should have their tails as nearly of a length as possible, in order to give uniform appearance.

A second method is to use hot pincers to clip off the tail, thus searing or cauterizing the wound and preventing bleeding. This calls for a wide-jawed pair of pincers with long handles. One jaw should be thick and heavy in order to hold the heat, while the other (or cutting jaw) is thin. These can be made without much trouble by any good blacksmith.

In using the pincers it is necessary to have a fender of some sort, with a hole large enough to admit the lamb's tail. The purpose of this is to protect the lamb from the heat of the iron. It is used by slipping the tail through the hole and pressing the shield close against the animal. This is probbaly best made of a piece of half inch or three-quarter inch board, with a piece of heavy tin or light sheet iron facing one side. If made entirely of wood, it would catch fire from the hot pincers, while if only the metal were used it would become too hot.

A third method, and the one I much prefer, is simply the use of a good, sharp knife, cutting off the tail with a quick, clean, single stroke. As with the chisel, this cut should be made from the under side of the tail. Two persons should work together. One holds the lamb by placing it back downward on his knees and grasping a hind and a front leg in each hand. This draws up the hind legs and lets the tail to hang down.

The operator takes the tail in one hand and, drawing it out taut, places his knife on the skin at the point where he intends to sever the tail. If the tail is now held taut and a quick, steady, downward stroke is made with the knife it will be very easy to make a clean job of the first stroke. The assistant, by turning the lamb away from the operator at the instant the latter makes the stroke, can prevent his being spattered with blood, which frequently gushes from the small arteries.—Professor Ellis Rail.

'Sunday Sickness."

Azoturia is a common disease existing at this time of the year, and one which every one is interested in. This disease has been known for a long time, and yet we do not know just what the cause is. Horses that are kept in the stable are fed nutritious feed and are not exercised are the ones most subject to the disease. It affects horses that have been at work and are then left standing in the stable over Sunday and perhaps Monday, without exercise. For this reason it is sometimes called "Sunday sickness."

POULTRY

Heredity and Environment.

The Maine station has recently published a bulletin prepared by Dr. Raymond Pearl which contains a lengthy discussion of heredity, environment and the power of transmitting certain qualities from one generation to another. The interesting thing about this bulletin is that Dr. Pearl has shown the necessity of completely revolutionizing present methods of breeding both for eggs or for show birds.

For years it has been the contention of breeders and experts that egg laying qualities are transmitted on the the female side of the house and that the male has little or nothing to do with those qualities being planted in the seed of the offspring. The Maine station after several years of careful experiment along this line has announced, through the bulletin mentioned above, that this power is governed by the male and not by the female.

Chesla Sherlock, commenting in the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean on the above mentioned bulletin, says:

It is interesting to note that this announcement, as all others of like character, has called forth a storm of protest principally from veteran breeders and old-timers. There are many of these "old-timers' 'that are very severe in their criticism of the Maine station for this contention and it has caused quite a lot of exciement in poultry circles.

We do not propose to set our opinions alongside those of Dr. Pearl or those of H. H. Stoddard, who is considered the leader of the opposition, but we have observed a few things along this line of transmitting egg laying qualities that may be of interest to every farmer that keeps hens.

We supposed for several years that each succeeding generation of hens should exceed the average production of the preceding generation until a fairly good average has been attained. We had no hopes of doing better than 180 eggs per hen per year as an average.

The results of our trials were unsatisfactory in that the succeeding generations were not given to a tendency to produce better as an average than the generation before them. It was our experience invariably that a heavy layer is not the sort of hen to set eggs from because the fertility and hatchability are nearly always weak and the resulting chicks were small or handicapped in some way.

This being the case, which was the rule in our case and not the exception, it can be easily seen what the result would be in setting and attempting to hatch strong, healthy chicks from the eggs laid by heavy layers. In a few generations the fertility of the eggs laid would be very low, for the power of fertilizing eggs is transmitted from one generation to the next as surely as a white hen will produce a chick with white feathers. We maintain that if one quality is transmitted, all others will be, whether we wish it or not.

So we were forced to look to the moderately good layer for our setting eggs, in order to get chicks that would eventually have a strong power of fertilization. So, you see, in our case, where we lost out was on the idea that the power of heavy laying is handed down on the female side of the house. We were compelled by circumstances to look to the male side of the line and try to determine if it were possible to derive the same benefits from the male as had been claimed for the female.

There can be no doubt that the male offspring inherit certain qualities from their mothers that could not be found in their fathers. It would be foolish to believe that a male bird could inherit one quality and not inherit another. Of course, there is a strong probability that he will inherit certain qualities at the expense of equally desirable qualities, but that is caused by one quality being more in evidence in both parents than another.

Such being the case, why would it not be possible for the breeder to make the quality of egg-laying the dominating quality present in both male and female? If that were the case, this quality would dominate all others and it would surely be planted in the offspring.

But, you say, how can we secure males or females from heavy layers when you have just stated that the fertility of heavy layers is apt to be poor? There is only one thing to do. That is to carefuly trap-nest all your layers and regularly test the fertility of the eggs of the best layers. Then set only the eggs from the layer that shows the highest per cent of fertility, even though her record seem small in comparison with that of others in the flock.

In breeding for eggs or feathers it is necessary that trap nests be used, careful records kept and an accurate study made of the breed, its characteristics and what you wish to make. You can never succeed if you have no idea of what you are breeding and what you are breeding for. At first the discouragements will be plentiful and you will have a hard time of it, for it is necessary to breed birds for several generations before they will come true to your ideal or type. After that you will succeed better as the years go by, for the birds will then be breeding true to your type, if you are careful in your selections.

"LIKE MAGIC"

New Food Makes Wonderful Changes.

When a man has suffered from dyspepsia so many years that he can't remember when he had a natural appetite, and then hits on a way out of trouble, he may be excused for saying "it acts like magic."

When it is a simple, wholesome food instead of any one of a large number of so-called remedies in the form of drugs, he is more than ever likely to feel as though a sort of a miracle has been performed.

A Chicago man, in the delight of restored digestion, puts it in this way:

"Like magic, fittingly describes the manner in which Grape-Nuts relieved me of poor digestion, coated tongue and loss of appetite, of many years' standing.

"I tried about every medicine that was recommended to me, without relief. Then I tried Grape-Nuts on the suggestion of a friend. By the time I had finished the fourth package, my stomach was all right, and for the past two months, I have been eating with a relish anything set before me. That is something I had been unable to do previously for years.

"I am stronger than ever and I consider the effect of Grape-Nuts on a weak stomach as something really wonderful. It builds up the entire body as well as the brain and nerves." Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Duck Raising.

One duck raiser says: "When first hatched my duckling are put in brooders heated by lamps. For the first three days I keep the temperature at 95 to 100 degrees and reduce gradually after that till the temperature is that of the air outside and the ducklings are more or less feathered. The first feed is given on the second day. It consists of three parts bran, one of meal, half a part of sand and enough infertile eggs taken from the incubator to make a crumbly mash. This feed and lukewarm water are given for three days. After the third day of feeding the ducklings are fed four times a day. When five days old I add a little beef scrap and two pounds of cheap flour and mix the mass with part water and part eggs. About the eighth day I increase the quantity of meal flour and beef scrap and cut out the eggs altogether. When three weeks old, the feed consists of three parts bran, two of milk, one and one-half of flour and one of beef scrap. Sharp sand is always kept where the ducklings can get it. When six weeks old I feed only three times a day. From that time forward no change is made until the birds are ready for market."

Sunflowers for Chickens.

A good many poultrymen consider sunflowers an excellent crop to grow for chicken feed. While a sunflower crop cannot compete with a corn crop there is something about sunflower seed that seems to be very desirable for chickens during the molting season. The seed contains a large percentage of fat and this seems to promote the molt when fed at the proper time.

Uses of Permanganate.

Permanganate of potash in solution makes a capital cleanser and disinfectant for the washing out of food troughs and drinking vessels and also for the scrubbing out of coops, brooders and even incubators prior to putting them into use. The chemical also makes a good stain for woodwork and stands varnishing over. To make the stain enough crystals should be dissolved in water to stain a clean piece of timber the desired shade. Nothing could be prepared more easily and nothing gives to the wood to which it is applied a more rusti cappearance. An appliance stained with permanganate of potash, dried thoroughly and then varnished will take some beating as far as wearability and lasting appearance are concerned. Give it a trial on the next new, clean appliance that needs coating.

THE ORCHARD

The Codling Moth.

For the codling moth the first spray should be applied immediately after the blossoms have fallen and before the calyx cups close. For this purpose use arsenate of lead, made by dissolving 1.5 pounds of this chemical in 50 gallons of water. Apply this spray from above, because the important thing is to fill the calyx cups with the solution. A few days later these cups close and thus retain within the poisonous arsenate of lead. Later, when the codling moth worms appear, as previously stated, they take their first meal at the calyx end of the apple. If that is well supplied with arsenate of lead one meal is enough for the worms. While the arsenate of lead is all that is required to kill the worms of the codling moth, it is a good plan to add Bordeaux mixture to the spray, to offer additional protection against scab and other fungus diseases.

Spraying Grapes.

Grapes should be sprayed from three to six times, depending upon weather conditions and the amount of infection. The first spraying of bordeaux and arsenate of lead, 5-5-2-50 should be done when the flower buds are beginning to swell. The spray should be delivered as a fine mist under heavy pressure and should comparatively cover all parts of the plant. This treatment is for mildew anthracnose, black rot, curculio, grape berry moth fleat beetles and other leaf cutting insects.

The second spraying should be done just after the blossoms fall, and a third spraying will be needed when the fruit is about the size of small buckshot. In both cases the ingredients of the spraying mixture should be the same as of that used the first time.

If the weather is very damp, or if the vineyard is infected with black rot, it may be necessary to apply two or three more sprays at intervals of from seven to ten days. Two to three weeks before the fruit begins to ripen a spray of neutral acetate of copper should be submitted for bordeauv, to avoid staining the fruit.

Lime and sulphur are injurious to the foliage of grapes and should not be used.

For leaf hoppers and other sucking insects, use tobacco extract in the proportion of one part of extract to 70 parts of water; or soap, eight pounds to 50 gallons of water, and apply in the same manner as bordeaux.

The requisites to good spraying are power and a suitable pump, with the proper hose, extension rods and nozzles. For large areas a gasoline engine to furnish the power is indispensible For orchards of less than 200 trees pumps driven by hand are cheapest and most practical in most instances; though, in case of scarcity of labor the gas engine may prove most practical for smaller areas. On a large scale, everything else equal, it costs a little more than half as much to spray with a gas engine outfit as by hand power.

From whatever source the power is derived, a good force pump is necessary. A satisfactory pump should have all parts which come in contact with the spraying materials made of brass which will not corrode; a large air chamber so that the liquid will be delivered in a steady stream rather than in a succession of spurts; all parts easily accessible for cleaning and strong enough to give good service.

There are many different nozzles in use. In selecting nozzles choose those which do not clog easily and which are readily cleaned. The manner of delivering the spray is controlled by the size of the hole in the disks, and these may be changed at any time. They do not clog easily and are readily cleaned. Another advantage is that they do not catch on the branches of the trees.—Professor J. R. Cooper in Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

THE DAIRY

Pasteurized Cream.

The United States navy requires about 600,000 pounds of butter annually, which must be high grade and of good keeping quality, as it is sometimes necessary to provision a fleet for a cruise of several months which may extend to tropical waters. At the request of the navy department the dairy division of the department of agriculture has prepared the specifications of the navy butter and supervised its manufacture.

The specifications call for fresh butter, made during the early summer from pasteurized sweet milk or cream; it must be strictly "extra" grade when scored at the time of packing, and the mosture must not exceed 13 per cent in tinned butter and 14 per cent in tub butter. There must be no preservatives other than common salt, the quantity of which must be between the limits of 2½ and 3¼ per cent at the time of packing. The entire process of manufacture and packing must meet the requirements of the dairy division inspectors, who have authority to reject any product that is not up to standard.

Navy butter in 1912 was all packed in five-pound tins, which are lacquered inside and outside and hermetically sealed. This butter was produced in five creameries in three states—California, Minnesota and Pennsylvania.

The government inspectors receive a sample of dairy butter from each creamery. These samples are placed in storage at a temperature of zero or below. In order to test the keeping qualities of butter the samples are taken out and scored when from seven to ten months. The scoring is done by three experts, independently, and the average scores range from 91 to 92½, the butter thus being in the grade known as "extra." The experts all agree that it is a fine lot of storage butter, well made and uniform.

The scientists of the dairy division have for several years been conducting experiments in making butter from pasteurized sweet cream, as compared with that made from ripened or sour cream, and the results have demonstrated that butter made from sweet, pasteurized, clean flavored cream is superior in quality and will keep longer in storage than butter made in the ordinary way.—United States Department of Agriculture Report.

THE GARDEN

Factors of Success.

The factors that make success in gardening are, first, a very fertile soil. We seldom need fear getting our soil too rich. We frequently hear people say that if the soil is made rich vegetables will not do well. We have always noticed the best gardens, however, are those which are fertilized heavily each year with decomposed stable compost. This may be put on the ground at any time during the winter or spring, but we must thoroughly work it into the soil or it will cause trouble.

Another factor in successful gardening, is careful preparation of the soil, and by preparation of the soil we mean not only spading and harrowing or raking before the seed or plants are set, but a thorough cultivation of this same soil at frequent intervals as long as the plants are growing. We may think that we are injuring the roots of the plant by too much and deep cultivation, but we have found that with celery in particular even spading the ground close to the plants when they were half grown and at that time mixing with the soil more stable compost did them no inqury and they seemed to respond to the treatment by growing even faster than before.

Plnety of water is desirable also for success in gardening. When the rainfall is insufficient we should arrange to apply water in some form of irrigation, and it is undoubtedly true that we do overirrigate our lands, but in nearly every case the damage from overirrigation comes from a lack of drainage or a lack of cultivation. If we have good drainage and do not irrigate our land so much as to prevent cultivation of the soil we probably will not injure the land by overwatering.

The next thing is eternal vigilance to prevent the depredations of plant diseases and insect pests. These are best avoided by keeping our plants thrifty and growing as rapidly as possible. Insects always prefer to attack the weak, sickly plants, the same as flies trouble most the weak, sickly animals. There are many other details that must be attended to for the successful kitchen garden. Many of these we would never think of mentioning, yet they may be essential to success. When we sum it all up, we will probably find that the person who has the successful kitchen garden is the one who does the work not for the value of the vegetables but for the love of working in the soil and of watching plants grow.—Professor Bennett.

LICE KILLER Licecil, strongest lice killing compound made. Works like magic. Simply put a few drops in nests and hang bottle in coop. Powerful evaporating vapors go into feathers, cracks and crevices. No painting, spraying or dusting. Easy to use. Circular free. Pound bottle prepaid 50c. Moneyback if it fails. Agents wanted. W. H. Metzger Co., No. 113 Quincy, Ill.

CHURN FREE To Introduce the CHALLENGE CHURN First person in each township. Guaranteed to make first class butter from milk or cream in 2 to 7 min., 1 to 10 gal. capacity. Write today sure. Get one Free. Agents Wanted. MASON MFG. CO., Dept. G, CANTON, OHIO

LANDOLOGY FREE A magazine giving the FACTS in regard to the land situation. 3 months' trial subscription. If for a home or investment you are thinking of buying good farm land, simply write me a letter marking it "Personal" and say "Mail Landology and all particulars free." Address: LLOYD M. SKINNER, Gen. Mgr. Skidmore Land Co., 111 Hall Ave., Marinette, Wis.

HILD NEARLY CRAZY ECZEMA ITCHED SO

ead and Face Raw All Over. Hair Coming Out Badly. Scales on Head. Simply a Sight. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. In Six Weeks Sound and Well.

Coon Rapids, Iowa.—"When my little l was two years old there was a sore e on her head just above the temple in her hair in the shape of a boil. It kept getting larger, causing her lots of pain. After a couple of weeks it broke out in pimples all over her head and face. She was a sight I tell you. It affected her eyes so she ld hardly see. We thought she would blind. Her head and face were raw all er. It kept getting worse all the time, d was just raw sores. Her hair came out dly when it was combed and we were aid it would all come out. The eczema hed so it nearly set her crazy. By spells re were scales on her head as large as a arter. She was disfigured; she was just nply a sight. She was cross and fretful all e time.

"I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a x of Cuticura Ointment. We could see improvement the first week and she got tter right along. In six weeks she was und and well. Cuticura Soap and Ointnt cured her." (Signed) Amos Paslay, r. 16, 1912.

Cuticura Soap 25c. and Cuticura Ointment c. are sold everywhere. Liberal sample of h mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Adss post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston." Men who shave and shampoo with Cuura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

LAST OFF MOUNTAIN TOP

ilitary Engineers Act to Save French Village.

Chambery, France, May 22.—Military gineers blasted into fragments today e loose peak of a mountain consting of 86,000 cubic feet of rock, hich had threatened to fall and deroy at any moment the village of ormery. The village had been in nger from a slide ever since its undation as a cluster of huts in the iddle ages.

A charge of 900 pounds of dynamite as used for the explosion. Before e fuse was fired the villagers reoved all their portable property to e neighboring hills.

EATHER BED BARGAINS

Send us this ad with $10.00 Money Order and e will ship you one first-class, new 40-pound ather Bed; one pair 6-pound new Feather Pilws, worth $2.50; one 6-pound new Feather lster, worth $2.50; and one pair full size lankets, worth $3.50, all for $10. All new goods d no trash. Biggest bargain ever offered. Satisction guaranteed. This offer is good for a short me only. Mail money order now or write for cirlar and order blanks. Refernce, American Exange National Bank. Address Southern Feather d Pillow Co., Dept. 20, Greensboro, N. C.

21 RUBY JEWEL $25 GOLD WATCH $3.95

e watch you have always wanted—sent to without your sending any money to us—not even deposit. Write if you prefer open face or huntcase, ladies' or gents' size, and we will send is twenty-five year, fully guaranteed, thin model, merican made, beautifully engraved watch for e examination and test. If you are satisfied with and are sure it equals a $25.00 gold watch, pay only $3.95 and the watch is yours. Write today. rexel Jewelry Co., Dept. 13, Chicago

USE MILLIONS IN WORLD BEEF WAR

Packers Foreign Producers and Ranchers in Three-Cornered Fight.

Chicago, May 23. - - A world-wide meat war is on. Millions of dollars probably will be sacrificed before supremacy in the meat trade is established. The fight is between rival packers with almost limitless wealth behind them.

The battle has deevloped into a three-cornered one. The principals are:

Packers of Chicago, Kansas City and Omoha.

Packers of Australia and Argentine.

Business men and large ranch owners of Los Angeles and other big cities west of the Rockies.

Opening Battles Fought.

The first open shots in the fight have already been fired. Three distinct campaigns, each demonstrating the far-reaching effect this war will have, have been inaugurated in the past two weeks.

First, the Chicago packers invaded the London market and undersold the Australian and Argentine packers in an attempt to secure the trade.

Second Australian and Argentine packers retaliated by sending a big cargo of beef to California, where it is now being sold for 15 and 20 cents a pound less than the American meats.

Third, plans by stock men and business men are reealed to establish a $5,000,000 union stock yards in Los Angeles to do away with the buying of meats from the packers of this city, Omaha and Kansas City.

Guantlet Thrown to Packers.

Officers of the proposed Los Angeles yards already have been chosen. The guantlet has been thrown to the packers of great packing cities.

Stock men owning great ranches in Wyoming, Idaho, New Mexico, Arizona and Utah, who for scores of years have been shipping their cattle to Kansas City, Omaha or Chicago have signed contracts to sell their meat direct to the Los Angeles market.

By doing so the rate of freight will be lessened by more than half in the transportation of the stock. The consumers, it is promised, will benefit by the gain.

SNAKE'S MEAL IS TOO HEAVY

Easily Captured After Swallowing a Castiron Rabbit.

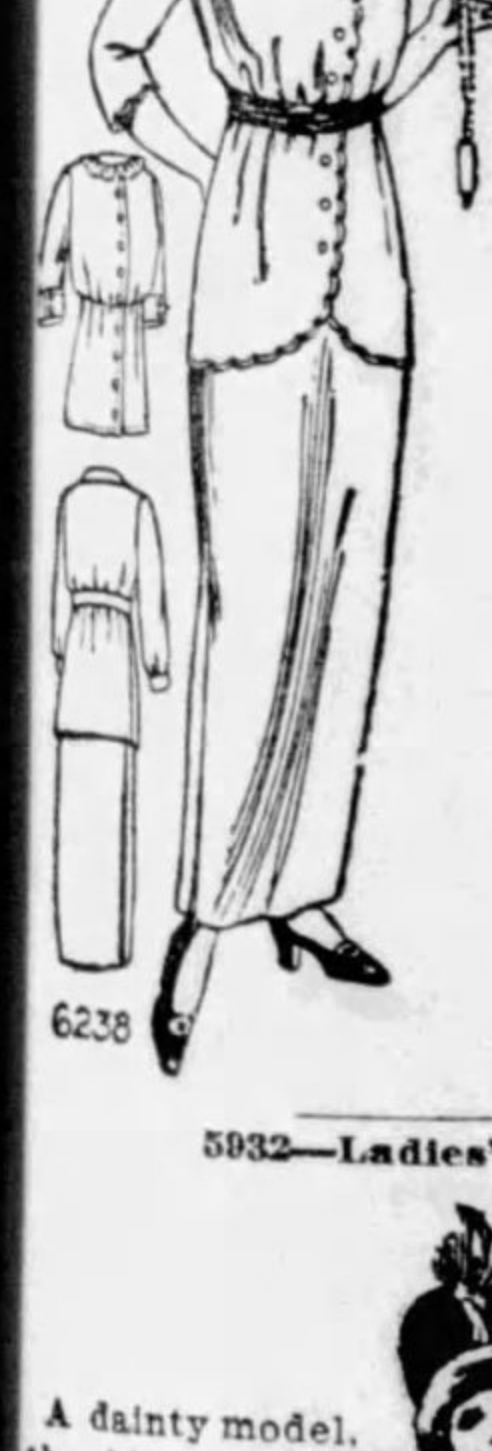
Rockwood, Pa., May 23. — When Gibson Umstott, a farmer living near Cresaptown, Md., heard a peculiar noise on his porch last evening, he investigated and was startled to see a huge black snake in the act of swallowing a cast-iron rabbit painted in natural colors, which had been on duty as a weight to keep the front door of the house open. While the snake completed the task, it could not escape and was captured.

BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. Inordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

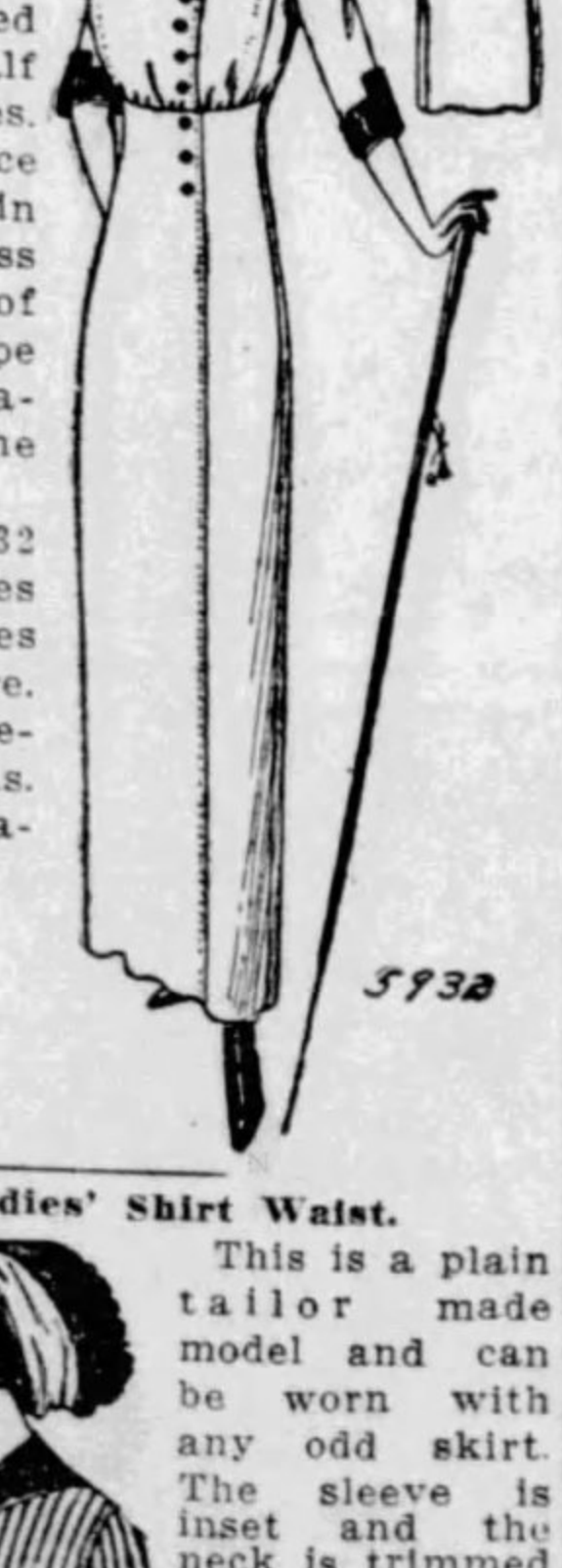
6238—Misses' and Small Women's Dress.



This dress can be made with either the long or short sleeves. It is made with the peplum. The neck is finished with a turn down collar. Linen, serge or cheviot can be used to make this dress.

The pattern 6238 is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 5⅛ yds. of 36 inch material.

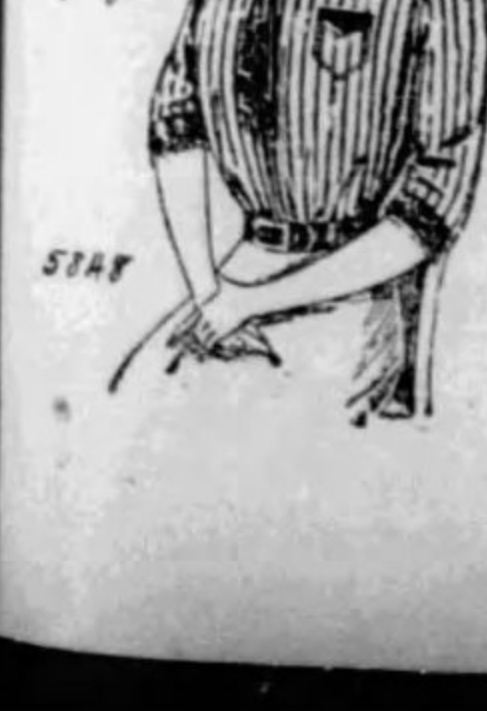
5932—Ladies' Dress.



A dainty model, the blouse with a tuck at each shoulder a chemisette which may be omitted and full or half length sleeves. The three piece skirt opens in front. This dress may be made of messaline, crepe materials, ratine and the like.

The pattern 5932 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 5⅞ yds. of 36 inch material.

5848—Ladies' Shirt Waist.

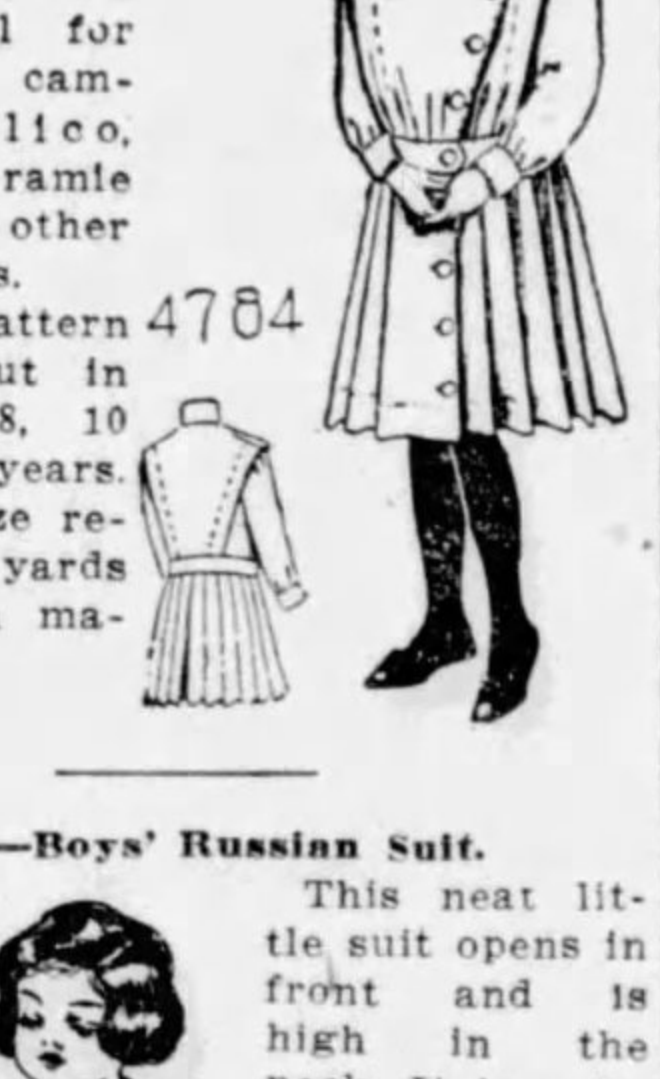


This is a plain tailor made model and can be worn with any odd skirt. The sleeve is inset and the neck is trimmed with a wide sailor collar. Otherwise the waist is plain. The pattern 5848 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2⅛ yds. of 36 inch material.

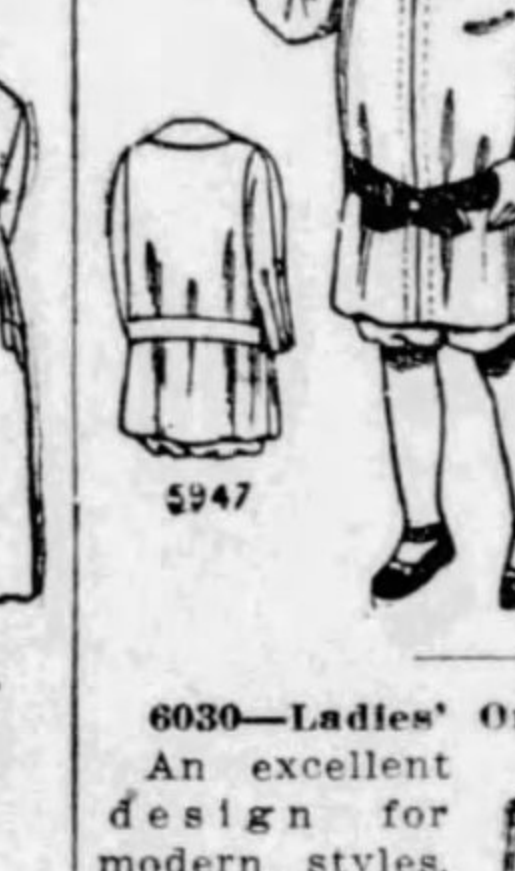
4784—Girls' Dress.

A simple dress with Gibson waist, front closing, and shirt sleeves. The plaited skirt is in one piece. A nice model for gingham, cambric, calico, pique, ramie linen and other wash goods.

The pattern 4784 is cut in sizes, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Medium size requires 3¼ yards of 36 inch material.



5947—Boys' Russian Suit.



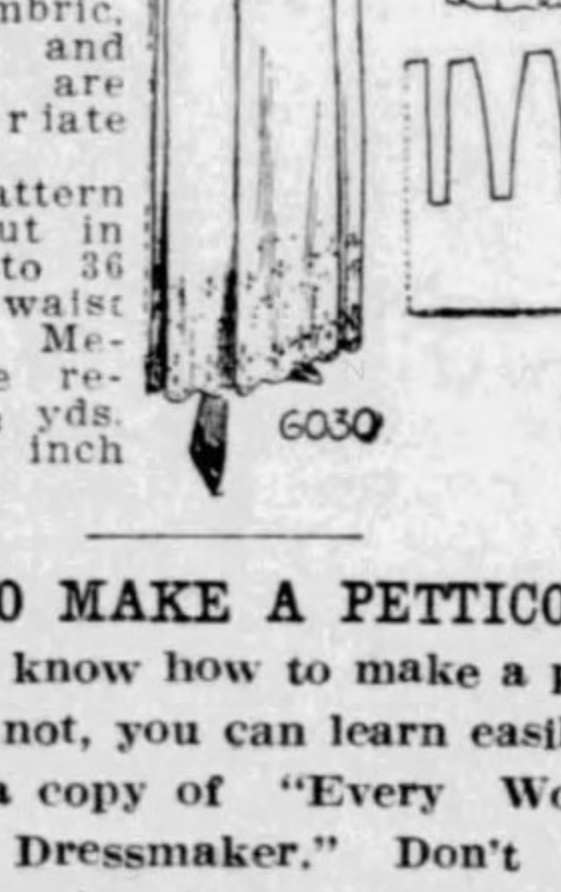
This neat little suit opens in front and is high in the neck. It is suitable for pique, linen, galatea and other wash materials of good body. It can be trimmed with contrasting color if desired. The pattern also provides trousers.

The pattern 5947 is cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Medium size requires 3½ yards of 27 inch material.

6030—Ladies' One-Piece Petticoat.

An excellent design for modern styles, fitting closely around the bottom, but with some give to the lower edge. Silk, sateen, cambric, flouncing and the like are appropriate materials.

The pattern 6030 is cut in sizes 22 to 36 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 2½ yds. of 45 inch flouncing.



HOW TO MAKE A PETTICOAT

Do you know how to make a petticoat? If not, you can learn easily by securing a copy of "Every Woman Her Own Dressmaker." Don't miss the opportunity that is offered to every purchaser of a Blade pattern. The regular published price of this book is 25 cents, but if you buy a Blade pattern you can get the book for five 1-cent stamps. Save your certificate and get a book that no woman should be without.

Flagler Failed in Business at Saginaw

Saginaw, Mich., May 22.—Henry M. Flagler, as a Sunday school teacher and superintendent and his wife as a good neighbor who went calling wearing a common sunbonnet are remembered in Saginaw by some of the older residents, but as a business man Flagler proved to be a failure here and made little lasting impression.

His picture still hangs in the First Congregational Sabbath school room, and there are several here who were in his class.

Mr. Flagler spent about five years in Saginaw in the early sixties, coming from Ohio, and being then about 30 years old. He engaged in the shingle and salt business in South Saginaw with a man named York, but failed.

He left this city for Cleveland with a close friend, Mr. Harkness, and it was through influential friends of the latter that they became interested in the formation of the Standard Oil Co. His first wife was declared insane. He had a daughter here who later died and in whose memory he erected a church at St. Augustine, Florida. He did not return to Saginaw after leaving this city, as he wanted to forget his early struggles and failure.

SIMPLE RITES FOR EUGENIC MATCH

Granddaughter of Longfellow to Be Married by Justice of the Peace.

Philadelphia, Pa., May 22.—Miss Delia F. Dana, granddaughter of Poet Longfellow, who will become the bride of Robert H. Hutchinson next month, will not take the usual marriage vows at her wedding. Instead she has prepared a ceremony along the lines of the one used some time ago at the marriage of her brother, Edwin T. Dana, and Miss Jessie Holliday, an English artist. Explaining the ceremony Miss Dana said today:

"I will say: 'I, Delia F. Dana, take you, Robert H. Hutchinson, as my lawful husband, and promise faithfully to fulfill toward you all the obligations arising from the marriage state, and I hope to be a true comrade and helpmate; as a symbol thereof, I give you this ring.' As I say the last word, I will slip on Mr. Hutchinson's third finger of his left hand a heavy silver ring.

"Mr. Hutchinson's vows will be on the same line, save that he will give me a gold band instead of a silver one. A justice of the peace will marry us instead of a minister."

Miss Dana has made a close study of eugenics and declares her belief that she is fitted for the marriage state, with all its duties. She and Mr. Hutchinson are believers in suffrage for women.

Mr. Hutchinson is a son of Emlen Hutchinson, of this city, and a student at Harvard. The ceremony will occur in Manchester-by-the-Sea, and the couple will go to New Zealand to study state socialism, the principles of which Mr. Hutchinson expects to advicate as a teacher on his return to Philadelphia.

BORROW $100,000,000

Mexican Congress Approves Loan at 6 Per Cent.

Mexico City, May 21.—The Mexican congress early today gave its sanction to an agreement for a loan of $100,000,000 at 6 per cent interest. The amount is to be placed at 90 and will run ten years. It is guaranteed by 38 per cent of the customs recepts. The Mexican National Bank is named as the representative of the bankers in the supervision of the disbursements.

The debate on the loan was a long one, lasting until midnight.

The minister of finance was charged with failure to take better offers which had been made. He replied that Provisional President Huerta and the other members of the Mexican cabinet had urged upon him the immediate acceptance of this loan as the other offers received necessitated more delay.

It is still necessary for congress to discuss and vote upon the four articles of the financial measure, but its approval of the general terms of the bill make it reasonably certain that it will also approve the details.

The loan has been placed with French bankers, but it is certain that British interests are participating. The names of the bankers have not been announced.

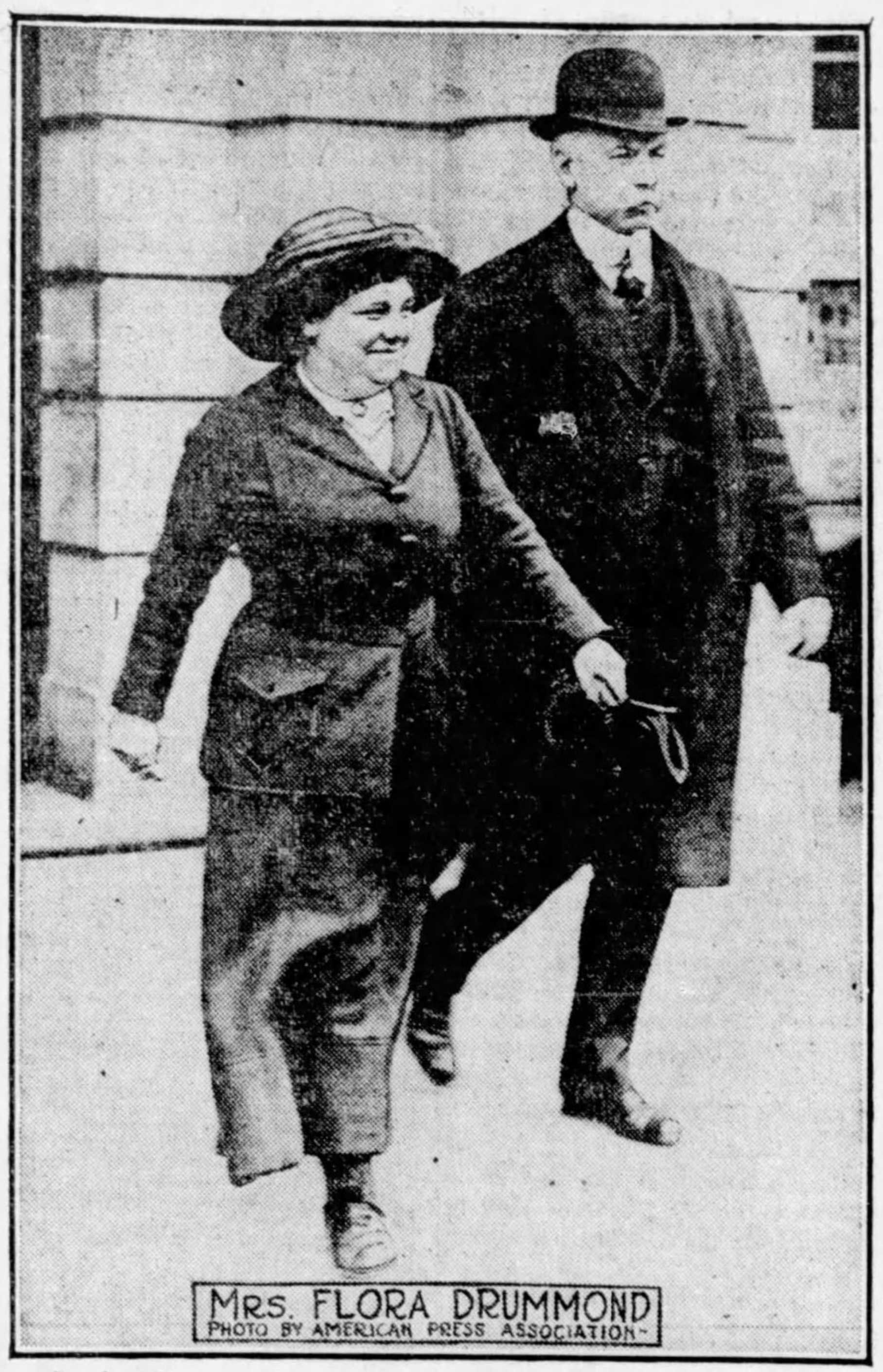
NINE MEN DROWNED

Alaska Storm Drives a Barge Ashore.

Cordova, Alaska, May 21.—Nine men were drowned Sunday night when a storm blew a pile driver and a barge ashore at Katalla, according to advices received here last night.

The men were building a fish trap for the Northwestern Fisheries Co. at the mouth of the Martin river near Katalla. A furious storm came up Sunday night and broke six anchors with which the pile driver and barge were made fast. They were driven 18 miles along the short where they struck on the beach.

Real Thorn in Police Side


MRS. FLORA DRUMMOND
PHOTO BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

London, May 21.—Mrs. Flora Drummond, a leader of the militant suffragettes, who was recently arrested in the raid on the Woman's Political and Social Club, was released when she started hunger striking. The police consider Mrs. Drummond one of the most trying of the suffragettes to deal with. She is a born agitator, and Scotland Yard says she has stirred up more disturbances than any other one leader.

MRS. PANKHURST REARRESTED

Militant Leader Is Taken Under "Cat and Mouse Act."

London, May 26.—Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the militant suffragette leader who was released from Halloway jail on license on April 12 owing to the serious condition of her health arising from her "hunger strike," was re-arrested today when she was leaving the house where she has been staying. The house of commons passed a new law this year known as "the cat and mouse bill," permitting the prison authorities to release suffragettes suffering from the effects of "hunger strike" and at the end of a short period to re-arrest them without warrant and make them serve the remainder of their original sentence. Mrs. Pankhurst's license released her for 14 days, but it was then extended in consequence of her feeble condition.

WANT BOSSES THROWN ASIDE

Progressive Republicans See No Reorganization Possible Otherwise.

Washington, May 22. — That the Republican party must get rid of its Kealings, Penroses and Barnes is the untimatum of Senator Borah and other Progressive Republicans who demand this as the consideration, harmony. Senator Root, too, has been getting many demands from his own state and unless the Republican executive committee shows a disposition at its meeting Saturday to throw Barnes, the New York boss, overboard, the harmony program will halt at once. Senator Borah said today that he was prepared to fight unless Barnes is unloaded.

Nobody conversant with the situation believes that Barnes will be unloaded by his associates. He is a member of the executive committee.

Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page—this issue.

CIRCUS FAT WOMAN DIES

Weighed Six Hundred Pounds; Occupied Two Beds.

Chicago, May 22.—Mrs. Mary Peters, weight 600 pounds, who for 20 years was exhibited as a freak, died last night at the county hospital following an operation for the removal of a growth which itself weighed 150 pounds.

No bed in the institution was strong enough to hold her and the patient was laid crosswise on two beds which were reinforced by chairs. A special coffin must be made for the body.

The late P. T. Barnum gave Mrs. Peters her first engagement and for several years she was an attraction in his sideshow. She is survived by three children who reside in Philadelphia. All are of normal size.

WOMEN POLICE FOR 'FRISCO

Of 25 New Officers Three to Be Feminine.

San Francisco, Cal., May 21.—Of 25 additional police officers to be appointed here, three will be women, according to action taken last night by the board of supervisors. It is announced that the force of women will be increased as rapidly as conditions warrant.

5 DIE, MINE LETS GO UNDER A LINER

Explosion Tears French Steamer in Smyrna, Asia Minor.

Smyrna, Asia Minor, May 22.—The French liner Senegal lies beached on the harbor front here today, half of one side torn out by the accidental explosion of a mine as she was leaving port late yesterday.

The explosion was a terrific one, instantly killing five persons and fatally injuring six others.

Fortunately for those on board, the liner was close to shore and in shallow water and maintained enough headway after the explosion to enable the captain to run her aground. All the uninjured members of the crew and the passengers were landed safely.

The steering gear and most of the other machinery escaped injury from the explosion and owing to this fact the captain and his engineer were able to beach the vessel, thus in all probability saving the lives of most of those on board.

The steamer went aground near the fortress, and the garrison gave all possible assistance.

KIRBY IS GIVEN $10,000

Manufacturers' Association Shows Appreciation.

Detroit, May 21.—John Kirby, Jr., of Dayton, O., retiring president of the association, was today presented with a check for $10,000 by the delegates attending the national convention of manufacturers. Resolutions adopted stated that the gift was in recognition of his efficiency as president and his fearless battles against militant labor unionism, which has been as effectual as those of any other one man in the country in establishing the principle of the "open shop."

Col. George Pope, of Hartford, Conn., is the leading candidate to succeed Mr. Kirby.

Discussions of "recent assaults on the patent system; what they mean to manufacturers;" "problems of industrial education," and "European laws and the American manufacturer," were among the topics discussed at today's session. Today was the last business day of the convention, and it was expected that officers would be elected for the ensuing year before adjournment was taken.

SIX DIE IN LANDSLIDE

Sweeps Train From Track on Mountainside.

Hinton, W. Va., May 21.—Six persons were killed and a number injured early last night when a mixed train on the Sewell branch of the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad was swept down a steep mountainside by a landslide. The train was composed of an engine, three freight cars and a caboose.

The deluge of the day had caused landslides all along the right of way. As the crew labored to clear away one of these, there was a roar and tons of earth slipped from the mountainside. The train was swept from the tracks and, engulfed in dirt and rock, rolled down a mountain embankment.

SEES CHILD PARALYSIS CAUSE

Physician Believes It Connected With Limber Neck in Chickens.

St. Louis, May 21.—Dr. F. W. Saunders of this city, who believes there is a connection between limber neck in chickens and infantile paralysis in the human race, has sent a chicken suffering from the former disease to Washington University, where a test will be made to determine the truth or falsity of the theory. Dr. Saunders advances the theory that the common house fly carries the germs of disease from the carcasses of chickens that have died of limber neck.

That Wonderful Event

IF THERE is a time above all times when a woman should be in perfect physical condition it is the time previous to the coming of her babe.

During this period many women suffer from headache, sleeplessness, pains of various description, poor appetite, and a host of other ailments which should be eliminated in justice to the new life about to be ushered into this world.

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

is a scientific medicine carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to the needs and requirements of woman's delicate system. It has been recommended for over forty years as a remedy for those peculiar ailments which make their appearance during "the expectant" period. Motherhood is made easier by its use. Thousands of women have been benefited by this great medicine.

Your druggist can supply you in liquid or tablet form, or you can send 50 one-cent stamps for a trial box of **Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription Tablets,** to Dr. Pierce, at Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo.

It is your priviledge to write to Dr. Pierce for advice, and it will be gladly given free of charge. Of course all communications are confidential.

PHILIP STEELE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

No sooner had the men gone than Hodges turned back to the table in the center of the office. It was not difficult for Philip to see that the man's face was flushed and that he was laboring under some excitement. He sat down, fumbled over some papers, rose quickly to his feet, looked at his watch, and began pacing back and forth across the room.

"So she's coming," he chuckled gleefully. "She's coming, at last!" He looked at his watch again, straightened his cravat before a mirror, and rubbed his hands with a low laugh. "The little beauty has surrendered," he went on, his face turning for an instant toward the coffin box. "And it's time—past time."

A light knock sounded at the door, and the chief sprang to open it. A figure darted past him, and for but a breath a white, beautiful face was turned toward Philip and his prison—the face of the young woman whom he had seen but two hours before in Le Pas, the face that had pleaded with him that night, that had smiled upon him from the photograph, and that seemed to be masked now in a cold marble-like horror, as its glorious eyes, like pools of glowing fire, seemed searching him out through that nardow slit in the coffin box.

Hodges had advanced, with arms reaching out, and the woman turned with a low, sobbing breath breaking from her lips.

Another step and Hodges would have taken her in his arms, but she evaded him with a quick movement, and pointed to a chair at one side of the table.

"Sit down!" she cried softly. "Sit down, and listen!"

Was it fancy, or did her eyes turn with almost a prayer in them to the box against the wall? Philip's heart was beating like a drum. That one word he knew was intended for him.

"Sit down," she repeated, as Hodges hesitated. "Sit down—there and I will sit here. Before—before you touch me, I want an understanding. You will let me talk, and listen—listen!"

Again that one word—"listen!"—Philip knew was intended for him.

The chief had dropped into his chair, and his visitor seated herself opposite him, with her face toward Philip. She flung back the fur from about her shoulders, and took off her fur turban, so that the light of the big hanging lamp fell upon the glory of her hair, and set off more vividly the ivory pallor of her cheeks, in which a short time before Philip had seen the rich crimson glow of life, and something that was not fear.

"We must come to an understanding," she repeated, fixing her eyes steadily upon the man before her. "I would sacrifice my life for him—for my husband—and you are demanding that I do more than that. I must be sure of the reward!"

Hodges leaned forward eagerly, as if about to speak, but she interrupted him.

"Listen!" she cried, a fire beginning to burn through the whiteness of her cheeks. "It was you who urged him to come up here when, through misfortune, we lost our little home down in Marion. You offered him work, and he accepted it, believing you a friend. He still thought you a friend when I knew that you were a traitor, planning and scheming to wreck his life, and mine. He would not listen when I spoke to him, without arousing his suspicions, of my abhorrence of you. He trusted you. He was ready to fight for you. And you—you—"

In her excitement the young woman's hands gripped the edges of the table. For a few moments her breath seemed to choke her, and then she continued, her voice trembling with passion.

"And you—you followed me about like a serpent, making every hour of my life one of misery, because he believed in you, and I dared not tell him. So I kept it away from him—until that night you came to our cabin when he was away, and dared to take me in your arms, to kiss me, and I—I told him then, and he hunted you down and would have killed you if there hadn't been others near to give you help. My God, I loved him more because of that! But I was wrong. I should have killed you!"

She stopped, her breath breaking into a sob. With a sudden movement Hodges sprang from his chair and came toward her, his face flushed, his lips smiling, but, quicker than he, Thorpe's wife was upon her feet, and from his prison Philip saw the rapid rising and falling of her bosom, the threatening fire in her beautiful eyes as she faced him.

"Ah, but you are beautiful!" he heard the man say.

With a cry, in which there was mingled all the passion and gloating joy of triumph, Hodges caught her in his arms. In that moment every vein in Philip's body seemed flooded with fire. He saw the woman's face again, now tense and white in an agony of terror, saw her struggle to free herself, heard the smothered cry that fell from her lips. For the first time he strained to free himself, to cry out through the thick bandage that gagged him. The box trembled. His mightiest effort almost sent it crashing to the floor. Sweating, powerless, he looked again through the narrow slit. In the struggle the woman's hair had loosened, and tumbled now in shining masses down her back. Her hands were gripping at Hodges' throat. Then one of them crept down to her bosom, and with that movement there came a terrible, muffled report. With a groan the chief staggered back and sank to the floor.

For a moment, stupefied by what she had done, Thorpe's wife stood with smoking pistol in her hand, gazing upon the still form at her feet. Then, slowly, like one facing a terrible accuser, she turned traight to the coffin box. The weapon that she held fell to the floor. Without a tremor in her beautiful face she went to one side of the room, picked up a small belt-ax, and began prying off the cover to Philip's prison. There was still no hesitation, no tremble of fear in her face or hands when the cover gave way and Philip stood revealed, his face as white as her own and bathed in a perspiration of excitement and horror. Calmly she took away the cloth about his mouth, loosened the straps about his legs and arms and body, and then she stood back, still speechless, her hands clutching at her bosom while she waited for him to step forth.

His first movement was to fall upon his knees beside Hodges. He bowed his head, listened, and held his hand under the man's waistcoat. Then he looked up. The woman was bending over him, her eyes meeting his own unflinchingly.

"He is dead!" he said quietly.

"Yes, my brother, he is dead!"

The sweet, low tones of the woman's voice rose scarcely above a whisper. The meaning of her words sank into his very soul.

"My sister—" he repeated, hardly knowing that the words were on his lips. "My—"

"Or—your wife," she interrupted, and her hand rested gently for a moment upon his shoulder. "Or your wife—what would you have had her do?"

Her voice—the gentleness of her touch, sent his mind flashing back to that other tragic moment in a little cabin far north, when he had almost killed a man, and for less than this that he had heard and seen. It seemed, for an instant, as though the voice so near to him was coming, faintly, pleadingly, from that other woman at Lac Bain—the woman who had almost caused a tragedy similar to this, only with the sexes changed. He would have excused Colonel Becker for killing Bucky Nome, for defending his own honor and his wife's. And here—now—was a woman who had fought and killed for her own honor, and to save her husband. His sister—his wife Would he have had them do this? woman had defended hers? Would he not have loved her ten times—a hundred times—more for doing so?

He rose to his feet, making an effort to steel himself against the justice of what he had seen—against the glory of love, of woman hood, of triumph which he saw shining in her eyes.

"I understand now," he said. "You had me brought here—in this way—that I might hear what was said, and use it as evidence. But—"

"Oh, my God, I did not mean to do this," she cried, as if knowing what he was about to say. "I thought that if he betrayed his vileness to you—if he knew that the world would know, through you, how he attempted to destroy a home, and how he offered my husband's freedom in exchange for—but you saw, you heard, you must understand! He would not dare to go on when he knew that all this would become public. My husband would have been free. But now—"

"You have killed him," said Philip.

There was no sympathy in his voice. It was the cold, passionless accusation of a man of the law, and the woman bowed her face in her hands. He put on his service cap, tightened his belt, and touched her gently on the arm.

"Do you know where your husband is confined?" he asked. "I will take you there, and you may remain with him tonight."

She brightened instantly. "Yes," she said. "Come!"

They passed through the door, closing it carefully behind them, and the woman led the way to a dark, windowless building a hundred yards from the dead chief's headquarters.

"Tihs is the camp prison," she whispered.

A man clad in a great bearskin coat was on guard at the door. In the moonlight he recognized Philip's uniform.

"Here are the orders from the inspector," said Philip, holding out MacGregor's letter. "I am to have charge of the prisoner. Mrs. Thorpe is to spend the night with him."

A moment later the door was opened and the woman passed in. As he turned away Philip heard a low sobbing cry, a man's startled voice. Then the door swung heavily on its hinges and there was silence.

Five minutes later Philip was bending again over the dead man. A surprising transformation had come over him now. His face was flushed and his strong teeth shone in sneering hatred as he covered the body with a blanket. On the wall hung a pair of overalls and a working man's heavy coat. These and Hodges' hat he quickly put on in place of his own uniform. Once more he went out into the night.

This time he came up back of the prison. The guard was pacing back and forth in his beaten path, so thickly muffled about the ears that he did not hear Philip's cautious footsteps behin dhim. When he turned he found the muzzle of a revolver within arm's length of his face.

"Hands up!" commanded Philip.

The astonished man obeyed without a word.

"If you make a move or the slightest sound I'll kill you!" continued Philip threateningly. "Drop your hands behind you—there, like that!"

With the quickness and skill which he had acquired under Sergeant Moody he secured the guard's wrists with one of the coffin box straps, and gagged him with the same cloth that had been used upon himself. He had observed that his prisoner carried the key to the padlocked cabin in one of his coat pockets, and after possessing himself of this he made him seat himself in the deep shadow, strapped his ankles, and then unlocked the prison door.

There was a light inside, and from beyond this the white faces of the man and the woman stared at him as he entered. The man was leaning back in his cot, and Philip knew that the wife had risen suddenly, for one arm was still encircling his shoulders, and a hand was resting on his cheek as if she had been stroking it caressingly when he interrupted them. Her beautiful, startled eyes gazed at him half defiantly now.

He advanced into the light, took off his hat, and smiled.

With a cry Thorpe's wife sprang to her feet.

"Sh-h-h-h-h!" warned Philip, raising a hand and pointing to the door behind them.

Thorpe had risen. Without a word Philip advanced and held out his hand. Only half understanding, the prisoner reached forth his own. As, for an instant, the two men stood in this position, one smiling, the other transfixed with wonder, there came a stifled, sobbing cry from behind. Philip turned. The woman stood in the lamp glow, her arms reaching out to him—to both—and never, not even at Lac Bain, had he seen a woman more beautiful than Thorpe's wife at that moment.

As if nothing had happened, he went to the table, where there was a pen and ink and a pad of paper.

"Perhaps your wife hasn't told you everything of her past, but you will, Thorpe," he said. "If she hasn't she will-soon. Now, listen!"

He had pulled a small book from an inner pocket and was writing.

"My name is Steele, Philip Steele, of the Royal Mounted. Down in Chicago I've got a father, Philip Egbert Steele, a banker, who's worth half a dozen millions or so. You're going down to him as fast as dog-sledge and train can carry you, and you'll give him this note. It says that your name is Johnson, and that for my sake he's going to put you on your feet, so that you'll be blamed comfortable—to be comfortable—and the noblest little woman I've ever met. Do you understand, Thorpe?"

He looked up. Thorpe's wife had gone to her husband. She stood now, half in his arms, and looking at him; as they were, they reminded him of a couple who had played the finale in a drama which he had seen a year before.

"There is one favor you must do me, Thorpe," he went on. "At home I am rich. Up here I'm Phil Steele, of the Royal Mounted. I'm telling you so that you won't think that I'm stripping myself when I make you take this. It's a little ready cash, and a check for a thousand dollars. Some day, if you want to, you can pay it back. Now hustle up and get on your clothes. I imagine that your friends are somewhere near—with the dogs. Tomorrow, of course, I shall be compelled to take up the pursuit. But if you hurry I don't believe that I shall catch you."

He rose and put on his hat, leaving the money and the check on the table. The woman staggered toward him, the man following in a dazed, stunned sort of way. He saw the woman's arms reaching out to him again, a look in her beautiful face that he would never forget.

In another moment he had opened the door and was gone.

(To Be Continued.)

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The World's Diamonds

New York Times.

Diamonds of the weight of 28 2-5 tons, which would fill a space of 10½ cubic yards and have a value of nearly $1,000,000,000, have been taken from the earth from the earliest time to the present day, according to the estimate just made by M. de Launay, the well-known Paris metallurgist.

These figures, however, only concern the stones before cutting, which reduces their weight volume by half, but multiplies their value by five. A box three feet high, six wide and eight long would thus hold the total world's output of these gems in their finished condition and would have a market value of $4,700,000, according to present prices.

Of this quantity, according to M. de Launay, 10,000,000 karats of the value of $85,000,000 have been contributed by India, the source of all diamonds from ancient times up to the 18th century, and 12,000,000 karats of the value of $100,000,000 by Brazil between 1723 and 1910. These fields are now, however, practically exhausted, and gems representing 142,000,000 karats of the value of $700,000,000 would come from South Africa, which is now almost the sole source of the world's supply.

Apart from South Africa M. de Launay says the only other diamond fields which count at all are those of New South Wales, the annual output of which, according to the last figures, is 2,205 karats.

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1913.

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ROBINSON LOCKE..............Editor

THE BLADE i, a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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Opportunity is not a loafer. She doesn't wait outside the door to give some shiftless person time to rub his eyes open before taking advantage of her blessings. Every man should be willing to meet fortune half way. The only way to do this is to be prepared. Keep your eyes on the advertising columns of this paper.

Hope is a valuable asset.

Doing one's best every day is a splendid habit to acquire.

One way to find trouble is to go about calling a spade a spade.

Jingoes never stop long enough in their wild ravings to count a hundred.

The German carp is the lazy man's fish. It has no artistic temperament.

Some people can't stand prosperity and others never get a chance to try.

The mother of six or seven never goes lecturing on the care of children.

Speeding autoists never see the beauties of nature. The scenery goes by too fast.

The Connecticut man who has offered $1,000 for a cure for snoring should turn over.

Instead of planting dynamite the English suffragettes ought to be cultivating sweet peas.

Luther Burbank has done so many splendid things that he can be forgiven for producing a seedless prune.

In replying to Japan President Wilson and Secretary Bryan collaborated in keeping one foot on the soft pedal.

It would be interesting to know what Mr. Burbank could produce by crossing the artichoke and the parsnip.

Speaking of anti-noise movements, Susan Howling Horse draws a pension from the United States government.

Some people with long, lugubrious faces imagine the Lord has chosen them to throw a searchlight on those who are happy.

Some writers might argue that their indecent songs are written for indecent people; and yet that would not be a valid excuse.

Edgar Allan Poe is to be admitted to the Hall of Fame, and yet he is not more famous now than he was when he was rejected.

If Machias, Me., lives until August it will be one hundred and fifty years old. Machias, we assume, is a town that does not drink or use tobacco in any form.

Mayor Gaynor says women need husbands more than the ballot. But they will never change the inscription on their banners to "Husbands for Women!"

A Los Angeles woman thinks every wife ought to be given a divorce if she is willing to ask for one and pay a fee of $2. But why not make the husband pay the fee?

King Peter, of Servia, is going to abdicate because he is tired. Probably his liver isn't working just right. Three or four doses of rhubarb sauce might cause him to change his mind.

One London physician declares Caruso's very bones are musical. This rather remarkable statement makes us curious to know whether a rap on his funny bone would produce ragtime?

This is the way a Kansas newspaper deals with the inevitable: "John Smith will be operated upon tomorrow by Dr. Hatchfield. Dr. Smith will leave a widow and three children."

A scientist in the East says love making is to be abolished. And we suppose the birds will quit billing and cooing and the cats will cease to caterwaul. But who is going to bring about these radical changes in nature?

Professor George A. Hill, of the Naval Observatory, after 20 years of research, says the earth is wobbling on its axis. The professor's statement ought to be a great comfort to persons who are looking for something to worry about.

"Shun an apple pie as you would a rattlesnake," says Rev. Mr. Voliva, boss of Zion, near Chicago. But we prefer the teachings of the late Henry Ward Beecher, who has said: "And the final pie, though born of apple, sugar, butter, nutmeg, cinnamon, lemon, is like none of these, but the compound of them all, refined, purified and by fire fixed in blissful perfection."

A FARM AND CITY CIRCLE.

The urban population of the United States, at most, is only a generation or two removed from the soil. It is, indeed, largely made up of men and women who have been raised upon the farm, or who have spent some part of their youth, great or small, in the rural districts.

An interesting rotation has been suggested by the report of the New York State College of Agriculture which shows that one-half of the students of that institution come from the city and expect, upon their graduation, to take up farming as a livelihood.

The farm is deserted by people weary with the life, or broken by its hardships. The children of these deserters turn back to the soil, finding to their liking the things which their parents had disliked. Will the children of these children hark to the lure of the city and, in the course of time, will they bring forth children who turn their backs upon factory, store and office and discover their careers in the open?

A HANDY EXPLANATION.

There have been comments and discussions of late about a California professor who has linked up the weather of the globe with the spots upon the sun. His findings, or ideas, are that sunspots affect the terresstial magnetism and these set up disturbances which turn out to be storms, excessive rainfalls, hot spells and other meteorological phenomena of an extreme nature.

We admit ourselves incompetent to pass upon the value of this scientific discovery. But we do know that a Chicago newspaper publisher, dead now ten or twelve years, had some very positive ideas about the influence of sunspots upon earthly financial affairs. He once employed a very expensive professor of economics to write a series of articles along the lines of his specialty. The first article dealt with panics and the economist went profoundly into their causes. When the publisher came upon the proofs of this installment he remarked in disgust, "Nonsense! Sunspots make panics." And so wherever the distinguished scholar mentioned a cause for Black Friday, industrial depression and bank suspensions, the publisher very carefully substituted "sunspots." And so the professor's article came out, properly corrected.

As long as there are things the reason for which is difficult to run down it is good to have a sort of standardized cause handy. Sunspots are probably just as serviceable for the purpose as anything else.

COAL AND CANALS.

The price of British coal at ports on the Suez canal ranges from $5.10 to $6.30 per ton. Prices beyond the canal rise steadily to $8.50 per ton, until Ceylon is reached, when European coal comes in competition with coal of India, China and Japan.

It has been figured that American coal can be delivered and sold in Colon for $4.60 at the outside and as low as $4.15 per ton on the Pacific side. Steamers sailing south in the Pacific can obtain Australian coal at constantly decreasing prices, Australian coal at Hawaii at about the same price as American coal sold on the canal.

Thus in the very importnt matter of fuel, the Panama canal will have a distinct advantage over the Suez route. It may be just this one point which may swing the lines of traffic between Europe and Asia away from the Suez and westward through the American waterway.

THE PLAY OF CHILDREN.

Robert Louis Stevenson declared:

> There never was a child but has hunted gold, been a pirate, and a military commander, and a bandit of the mountains; but has fought and suffered shipwreck and prison, and imbrued its little hands in gore, and gallantly retrieved the lost battle, and triumphantly protected innocence and beauty.

Yet judging from the advice now deluging parents, all this was wrong. To play at pirate—by this judgment—is to promate a taste for bloodshed. To be a military commander is to breed callousness to human suffering. To pretend to awful deeds of highway robbery is to shatter respect for law and order. If those who are horrified by the play of children, who feel moved as some have been to expurgate "Mother Goose," were right, it is the strangest thing in the world that there are any men and women who are fit to be out of jail.

AN OLD IDEA RESURRECTED.

The difference between the alchemist and the chemist is actually not so wide as science teachers of the last hundred years have been at pains to tell their classes, or as it is laid down in the reference books.

The alchemist had one great and persistent idea—that one metal could be changed into another metal, the base into the precious, the process being carried through to success largely with the help of charms and incantations and weird movements of arms and hands. The chemist, until within the last few years, has denounced the alchemist as an amusing old fraud. The transformation of elements, he said, was an impossibility. There were relationships, but no interchangeableness. These were basic laws of chemistry, just as the regularity of the earth's rotation around the sun is a basic law in the universe with which astronomy deals.

It seems now, however, that some one has made a mistake. And it wasn't the alchemist. Though he only pretended to transform metals, or entertained the hope of doing so, the thing can be done. For this there is the authority of the most distinguished English chemist of today, Sir William Ramsay, who reports that he has brought about the transmutation of copper into sodium and lithium, of silicon and bismuth into carbon. The quantities obtained were so small that it required the most delicate instrument employed by chemists for analytical purposes to detect them. The point is that the change has been wrought. Elements are interchangeable, though wholly as a scientific demonstration and not commercially.

There seems to be a moral about the case of the alchemist and the chemist, though we're not certain what it could be. Perhaps it is that all ideas, even the most fantastic, have so basis in fact.

SPECIAL NOTICE

To Subscribers Whose Time Expires in June

We have just mailed to all of our subscribers whose time expires during the month of June our special propositions for renewals and the raising of clubs. You will find the offers we make are exceedingly liberal and we are absolutely certain that you will not only renew promptly, but that you will send us a club of at least 10 or 20 names, made up of your neighbors and friends, and by so doing get your paper one year free, also one of our beautiful and useful premiums which we give for performing a few hours' pleasant work for us.

We particularly wish to call your attention to our special proposition number 4. If you sent us a club of ten or even four names last year, we are sure that with little effort you will find it very easy to make your club 20 names this year and thereby take advantage of the exceptional offer we make.

We received more renewals and more large clubs during May than ever before and we feel absolutely certain that the same will be true during the month of June.

The Toledo Weekly Blade is gaining friends daily and this, the 78th year of its existence, finds it more popular than at any time during its long and successful career.

The Toledo Weekly Blade is unquestionably the best family newspaper published in America and is known and valued everywhere newspapers are read. Its columns are clean and wholesome (no beer or whisky advertising.) Over 240,000 families throughout the United States are readers of the Weekly Blade, (estimating over 1,000,000 readers weekly)—surely a Great National Family.

LOOTED FROM PARADISE.

The county wherein there is no thievery, no crimes of violence, no line fence wars, no family feuds, not even contempt of court or horse trading carried beyond legitimate bounds, is located—not in some mountain harbored valley ow New England—but out in that vast plain of Texas wherein people once were wont to say there was neither law nor God.

A few weeks ago, the district court which attends to the legal affairs of the county, opened for business in the county seat. The calendar was clean of criminal cases. The $15,000 jail was clean of prisoners and had been for these last three years. The keys would not turn in its rusty locks. The court saluted and went on to communities less blessed.

The name of this Elysian Texas county, emancipated of crime and sin, is King. It is justified if it amends the name to Kingdom Come county.

THE RADIOACTIVE AGE.

The instructors in chemistry to a generation now growing gray were accustomed to break the routine of their classwork to describe how common the metal aluminum was in nature, how big a part it played in the structure of rocks and clays that were everywhere, and yet how hopeless it was to expect that aluminum would become a common article of commerce. To obtain it required the use of another metal the manufacture of which was very expensive. Aluminum remained, for a great number of years, only a museum curiosity.

There is promise that radium, or some other element of like properties, may go though the same course as aluminum. A German chemist has discovered a substance to which he gives the name mesothorium which, weight for weight, has 300 times as much radioactivity as radium. The most important part of his announcement is that its production represents only half as much an outlay of money as radium. This, of course, still keeps these highly interesting and probably highly useful substances beyond the means of any save rich institutions. But a reduction of 100 per cent in cost of production fairly indicates that the process may go on until some one of these energy-producing elements may be put to work for some of the most ordinary needs of mankind. The radioactive age may succeed the electrical age.

MORE MEN THAN WOMEN

According to the last census, there are about 10,000 more men and boys in Ohio than women and girls. The ratio of male to female is just about the same among the native born, but with the foreign born there are 137 males to 100 females.

The census further shows that the ratio of the sexes tends to equalize in the cities, but in the rural districts the male is very much the predominating sex.

Ohio, it appears, represents a sort of mean between Massachusetts, where the feminine part of the population overshadows the masculine, and one or two of the far western states, where conditions have not passed entirely beyond that pioneer stage to which men hesitate to bring mates.

Mrs. Julia K. Sommer, scientific theosophist, says: "Any man can marry a girl if he holds her image in his mind." But suppose two men should hold the same girl's image in their minds? Guess that's where theosophy would have to back up.

RUNNING OUT THE IRON HORSE

The steam railroads have ventured so far toward the adoption of a new motive power that a great manufacturing concern which specializes in electrical equipment is enabled to advertise sales of electricity-driven cars to fifteen different lines. Among these lines are the Canadian Northern, the Iron Mountain route of the Missouri Pacific, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, the New York Central and the Southern Railway—whose varied services and varied conditions of operation put such cars under as complete and rigid a test as might be devised.

Probably if the financial state of the railroads were very much better and they did not feel they were under the shadow of threatened restriction in earning power, the steam lines would be engaged at this moment in making over their scheme of operation entire. As conditions exist, they are undertaking new enterprises and extensions only with extreme caution.

It appears as if the steam locomotive was doomed. But instead of being displaced with electrical equipment in one great sweeping change, they are going out slowly. They have many years of life before them. They will continue to be bought. Yet ultimately the 'iron horse" will go to the scrap pile and its work will be performed by another machine, much less picturesque of looks, but more cleanly, more powerful and far more economical to run.

PUTTERING WITH FLOODS.

Several of the cities in the Mississippi flood area have been agitating propositions to make themselves entirely immune from flood. They purpose to build levees and dikes, to shorten channels and to compel the abandonment of the low grounds as places of residence.

The agitation might better be concentrated upon the national problem of flood prevention, or flood control. For the problem is national, not local. The construction of strong levees and within narrow channels can but make a flooded river more dangerous in lower reaches. Shortening channels increases the speed of the current and makes the river a more difficult enemy to deal with. Abandonment of low grounds would reduce the problem to a very simple matter of meeting the needs of navigation. But that is just what will be done. The low grounds are desirable and a national army of a half milion men couldn't keep people out of them so long as a bushel of corn or potatoes could be produced upon them.

It has been shown by the records that the heighth of the flood has risen steadily since the white men planted their settlements along the Mississippi and the Ohio rivers. Enormous sums have been spent in deepening and widening channels, in revetting banks and rip-rapping the ground where the destructive power of the current has been directed against it. But the money has all but been wasted. It has amounted merely to puttering. The flood stage has risen. The situation is worse today than before the first levee was built.

The cities cannot be blamed for attempting for themselves what the national government ought to do a thousand times better. But possibly if the pressure they have brought to bear to gain local appropriations from Washington were directed toward getting the problems of floods treated scientifically and finally, even if the money has to be spent elsewhere, there would be no need of drumming up money with which to build dikes and levees, shortening channels and driving folk from the low grounds.

ON SUPPRESSING INVENTION.

The charge of suppressing inventions, brought against the trusts and the larger independent industrial corporations, does not cause the hair of and man connected with industrial interests to bristle with anger. The charge is absurd enough to move him to self-pity. In the first place, he understands that a worthy invention is no more suppressible than a thunder shower. In the second place, he has gone through the agony which accompanies the installation of new machinery, seen the routine develop around it and then beheld mechanisms with years of life left to them cast out because still newer improvements compel a change.

One of the large electrical concerns of the east changed its mechanical outfit three times in the course of ten years. It was not because of the wear and tear upon it, but because it had become obsolescent. To protect itself from competition which would have been invited the moment the company betrayed a sign of Backwardness, it went to this expense.

The cost involved in such a change is not all confined to the new equipment and its installation, but also involves expenses while the personnel is learning the new machinery and getting used to the reorganization which it entails.

If there was some easy and serviceable method of suppressing invention, one that actually worked, there are many men who would be very glad to learn about it. The trouble is that a scheme of that sort cannot succeed so long as there is a scrap of competition left or there remains a capitalist with a pair of shrewd eyes. For letting the world pass you means industrial death.

THE MAIN PROTECTION.

From a skeleton unearthed in Colorado, the scientists at Washington have been able to give a description of a gigantic lizard which lived in that ancient period when nature was in an experimental mood. This animal weighed possibly as much as a ton. It was large of girth, heavy of hindquarters light of forequarters, getting its food by ripping off the branches of trees and eating the leaves.

The tail of this saurian was armed with a spike near the tip. For other protection it had plates and buttons of horn which underlay the skin and must have jutted out all over the fellow as the heads of rivets do from a beam of structural steel. Compared with the body, the head of this early citizen of Colorado was as the cigar store in the corner compared with the rest of a skyscraper.

Our old inhabitant was armor plated. It had a tail whose lash must have been like the swing of a sabre. Its forepaws could rip an ordinary animal into little pieces. Yet it perished from the earth. It had no brain worth mentioning.

Sometimes we wonder if it isn't an arrangement of providence that, though some human beings are armored with fortunes and guarded and coddled by social custom, they and their kind are doomed to extinction. Necessity does not sharpen their wits or thicken their gray matter. There seems little chance in this world for bulk and substance that haven't brains in keeping.

THE END OF NAGGING.

The railroads have been able to show that the year 1912 brought them:

The lowest average freight receipts since 1900.
The highest wages in their history.
The multiplication of costly regulation.
The heaviest loss and damage claims on record.
The highest taxes yet levied.
The largest gross receipts received.
The largest expenses of operation paid, all resulting in
The lowest relative net income of 25 years.

For this situation the railroads blame government and state legislation. It saves trouble and time to put it there.

But some of it is due to that world-wide lessening of the purchasing power of money, some of it to accidents the railroads might have avoided, some of it to the payment for the old sins of influencing legislation, getting on the soft side of tax-collectors and opening the hydrant on stock issues.

Government regulation may some of it be cumbersome, but there are railroad men who look at it in a broad way and say it is at once their salvation and the country's best protection. State legislation has been excessive and conflicting. We are very near the end of that period of nagging at railroads for nagging's sake and a good deal of that half-baked and destructive legislation which does equal harm to transportation interests and to the public will be repealed.

THE NEWER SPORT.

The hydro-aeroplane is a sort of compromise with the dangers of the earlier types of areoplane. It has itself the zest of risk. It appeals to the sense of resourcefulness and calls for swift action in emergency and for the development of skill and cool daring. But it lacks the sheer deadliness of the aeroplane and it is quite possible that many persons who are now skimming and flourishing over water will live to a ripe old age, a thing which could be promised the aeronaut only if he quit the sport, or the business, of flying forthwith.

The best thing about the popularity of the hydro-aeroplane is that it will let those inventors and scientists and military birdmen go on with the experiments in aerial navigation and with the development of engines and equipment unconfused and unharnessed by the circus tricks, the exhibition stunts and turtle-turning of the devil-may-care prize seekers and trophy hunters. Hydro-aeroplaning is more sensational, more picturesque and quite without peril to spectators. It promises to absorb the ground and lofty tumbling end of flying and to do it in such a way that a laugh, instead of a sob, can rise to the lips of one who beholds an accident.

THROUGH WITH "SCRAPING" LABOR.

A "committee on safety" of the United States Steel Corporation issued a bulletin in October, 1910, setting forth by drawings and photography safety devices which were to be installed in all the company's plants. This bulletin was in the nature of a command.

A little less than a year later, the committee issued a second bulletin which went into the business of guarding life and limb with more detail. The latest bulletin goes still farther into the subject and announces at the same time the evolution of the committee assignment into a department known as the Bureau of Safety, Relief, Sanitation and Welfare.

The company reports that in two years and a half it has spent upon promoting safety the number of fatal accidents has been reduced nearly 30 per cent. This is a showing of which the corporation can be proud. But more interesting to the outsider is the showing that a great American industry, which had been notoriously careless with the flesh and blood which ran its plants, had come to a realization of its burden of responsibility to humanity.

Fashion has decreed that men's trousers must be worn longer. But this, of course, doesn't mean that they must be worn long enough to necessitate patches.

Somebody has published a recipe for the removal of "superfluous warts." It ought to interest every man who has more warts than he needs.

"Some of the smartest men in Ohio are in the pen," says the new warden. But that isn't the reason they are there.

A Michigan woman of 80 wants a divorce. Maybe there is another man waiting around the corner for her.

Sunday School

WHEN BROTHERS STOOD BY BROTHER

International Sunday School Lesson for June 1 Is, "Joseph Tests His Brethren." Gen. 44.

By William T. Ellis.

Often perverted though it is, there is something noble about the "gang spirit" of which we are reading in the newspapers. The determination not to betray a comrade, which is the highest law in the code of the gang, takes its rise from an altogether creditable sentiment. The opposite side of the shield is the Spartan spirit of the judge who condemns his own son for law-breaking. This the undiscerning do not see. The New York hoodlums who are going to jail rather than betray a fellow criminal do not reckon with the relative value of principles. They see only the idea of a lower loyalty, and are blind to the higher loyalty to public welfare. The average politician binds his followers to him by this same spirit of fidelity. He stands by his friends, through thick and thin. More of the same spirit of family allegiance in religious matters would be well for the church.

The theme is brought forward by the story of today's Sunday school lesson, which deals with a group of men who, in an emergency, were not false to the call of layalty. The ten brethren of Joseph, when put by him to a dramatic test, showed themselves steadfast to the ties of blood. In brave self-abnegation they offered to share the suffering of the brother who seemed to be gulity of a crime. The qualities of sheer manhood appeared in the conduct of these sons of Jacob. The years had been teaching them much.

The Hidden Cup.

The mysterious ruler of Egypt had, all unknown to them, large plans for the eleven men from Canaan. He could not yet reveal to them that he was the brother whom they had sold into slavery. It was necessary first to test their fitness for this new fortune that he had prepared for them. We never know when we are being proved for what is being prepared for us. Every day may be a judgment day in a way we little understand.

In this case everything hinged on Benjamin, the youngest child. He, like Joseph, was the only child of the beloved Rachel left at home. Joseph had good reason to know the lengths to which the jealousy of the older brothers could go. But they had changed for the better. He had proved that they would treat Benjamin well in the long journey from Canaan. Now he wanted to find out how they would behave in an emergency, when Benjamin's name and safety was imperilled. Would they make the youngest brother a scapegoat, and leave him to his fate? Or would they play the brother part?

Therefore, as he sent the party back to Canaan with their bags laden with food, he had each man's money returned to his bag, and in the bag of Benjamin his own cup was placed. Then, a few hours afterwards, he sent his steward in pursuit of the men to charge them with a theft of his cup.

The Mastery of the Bags.

The sons of Jacob had scarcely got outside of the city on their homeward journey They were full of stories of their great adventure. The glamour of the ruler's presence was upon them. Their incredible good fortune was discussed over and over from all angles. Not only had they seen the lord of the land, but they had even dined with him. Thus they were bearing back to Canaan not only sufficient food for their families, but also a rich tale that would open the eyes of those left behind.

The high spirits of the caravan were suddenly dashed by the appearance of Joseph's steward, who came hastening up on horseback, followed by a retinue. As he drew near he made sharp accusation that these men had stolen Joseph's precious cup. At once arose the oriental clamor which all travellers in the East know. Jacob's sons made extravagant protestations of innocence. They spurned the idea that any one of them was a thief, and they reminded the steward how they had returned the silver which they had found in their bags on the previous trip. "With whomsoever of thy servants it be found, let him die, and we also will be my lord's bondmen." This was the usage of the harsh law of Hammurabi current at the time. Death for stealing still prevails in some parts of the world.

"Circumstantial Evidence."

Many a man has been hanged on evidence far less than that which convicted Benjamin of theft. An examination revealed in the bags of the ten older brothers the money they had paid, but in the sack of Benjamin, which was last searched, there was found the silver cup of Joseph. Then what a wailing and lamentation arose! Shrill shrieks filled the air. Dust was thrown upon heads; garments were rent. The steward's feet were embraced. We of the west can scarcely imagine this scene of wild excitement, for it is not the Orient's way to meet such crises in dignified silence.

The point of the story is the conduct of the older brothers. How would they behave in this emergency? Would they leave Benjamin to his fate, and hasten off toward Canaan with he food? Ths was what Joseph wanted to know. That they were determined to share Benjamin's sorrow and punishment appeared on the instant. Then they rent their clothes, and laded every man his ass, and returned to the city."

"When Judge and Brother Are One."

Trouble proves who is who. In this testing hour we find Judah stepping into the place of the head of the family, as sponsor and spokesman for the whole group. A new dignity rests upon him. His words before Joseph are those of a strong man. Listen to the beauty of the simple speech, even as translated into English: "What shal we say unto my lord? what shall we speak? or how shall we clear ourselves? God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants; behold, we are my lord's bondmen, both we, and he also in whose hand the cup is found."

Can this be the Judah whose voice was for the destruction of his brother Joseph? Can it be that the jealous, bloody-minded man has been transformed by years and bitter experience and the grace of God? Without self-justification, Judah, the head of the delegation, spoke for them all, identifying himself with any misfortune that might come to any one of the group. This was brotherhood in the proof.

Never dreaming that the judge and the brother were one, and that he was making his plea to a heart which was bursting with a desire to reveal itself, Judah became the advocate of his brother, and an antetype of his own Descendant whom humanity worships as its Advocate.

A Man at His Height.

Why does the world accept a cross as its noblest symbol? Because in its deepest heart it knows that not self-seeking but self-sacrifice is the sublimest height that the human soul can reach. Whether it be the example of the old pagan who offers himself for Rome; or the present day pagan who offers his life for China; or the Apostle Paul willing to be accursed for his brothers' sake; or Jesus freely giving of his life as a sacrifice for the sin of the world, we recognize that these in varying degrees are the saviours and exemplars of mankind. Whoever denies himself and offers up his life in behalf of another is touched with the very spirit of the divine Redeemer.

Thus Judah offered himself. As he stood before Joseph, reciting in simple eloquence the story of their experience, he reached a height of exultation like unto Calvary. He pleaded with Joseph to allow him to suffer instead of Benjamin that Benjamin might be returned to the arms of Jacob Is it any wonder that the speech became more than the judge could bear? The brothers had proved themselves. They had become new men. In adversity they had learned that it is only worth while to stand by the great ideals, and to stand by one another.

A Poem Worth While

Who Takes the World Rightly.

Each day the world is born anew,
For him who takes it rightly;
Not fresher that which Adam knew,
Not sweeter that whose moonlit dew
Entranced Arcadia nightly.

Rightly? That's simply: 'tis to see
Some substance casts these shadows
Which we call Life and History,
That aimless seem to chase and flee
Like wind-gleams over meadows.

Simply? That's nobly: 'tis to know
That God may still be met with,
Nor, groweth old, nor doth bestow
Those senses fine, this brain aglow,
To grovel and forget with.

—Lowell.

Stories of Famous Novels

By Albert Payson Terhune.

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Oliver Twist; by Charles Dickens

OLIVER TWIST was a workhouse boy. His mother, seeking refuge in such an asylum, had died when he was born. And the gentle, timid, little fellow was brought up on the coldest kind of charity. Cuffs, kicks, neglect and semi-starvation were his lot. At last the boys at the institution, desperate through hunger, cast lots to see which of their number should ask for a second helping of supper gruel. The lot fell to Oliver. Approaching the cook he held out his empty bowl and stammered:

"Please, sir, I want some more."

A boy who could upset all workhouse traditions by asking for a second helping of anything was considered by the authorities too dangerous an element to be kept there. So Oliver was apprenticed to an undertaker. He thrashed Noah Claypole, a fellow-apprentice who had bullied him, and was locked in a dark cellar, by way of punishment.

Oliver escaped from the cellar and started for London to earn his own living. On the way he fell in with a lad who was known as "The Artful Dodger," and who took him to the "thieves' kitchen" home of Fagin, a master-crook. Fagin ran a crime-trust on a small scale. He was not only a receiver of stolen goods, but also taught street lads how to steal.

He gave Oliver several lessons in pocket-picking; then sent him out with two other boys to try his luck. One of the boys picked the pocket of Mr. Brownlow, an old gentleman who was standing in front of a bookstall. Oliver was caught, the two others getting away. Mr. Brownlow became convinced that Oliver was innocent. Feeling a strange interest in the boy, the old gentleman took him home, and resolved to adopt him.

But two of Fagin's accomplices—Bill Sikes, a burglar, and Nancy, a woman who loved Sikes—kidnaped Oliver and brought him back to the master-crook's den. Thence Bill took him on a housebreaking expedition out in the country. The burglars were fired upon and Oliver was wounded. The boy was cared for in the house that Sikes had tried to rob and which was occupied by a Mrs. Maylie and her niece, Rose.

The Maylies and Mr. Brownlow resolved to protect the luckless boy from his mysterious foes, who were still seeking to recapture him. Little by little the mystery was cleared.

Oliver's father had left his fortune to be divided among his elder son, Monks, a daughter and Oliver—on condition Oliver should prove worthy. Monks, wanting the whole legacy, had bribed Fagin to make a thief of Oliver.

Nancy had a spark of decency in her warped soul. And she told Rose Maylie of the conspiracy against Oliver. Thus, the plot was baffled. Monks, in return for a full confession, escaped scot free. His fellow-scoundrels were less fortunate.

Fagin was tried, condemned and executed. Some of his pupils were "transported" to the Australian penal colonies.

Sikes learned that Nancy had, as he believed, betrayed him and his accomplices, and he meted out to her the punishment the underworld so often decrees to "squealers." He murdered her; then fled for his own life.

The police pressed close upon the murderer's track. Over the roofs they chased him. In climbing down from one level to another, Sikes used a rope. The noose caught about his neck and he was hanged; his bulldog (which had stuck to him throughout the wild flight) leaping upon his shoulders and thus hastening the scoundrel's death.

Rose Maylie was found to be Oliver's half sister. She and Oliver, with Mrs. Maylie and Brownlow, settled in a peaceful English village where, in present happiness, the boy learned to forget his past mishaps.

VARIETIES

Maine has 60,016 farms.

There are nineteen volcanoes in Gautemala.

Australians are increasingly given to the smoking of cigarettes.

Twenty-five millions tons of shipping rounds Cape Cod annually.

Tomato juice will remove ink stains from linen.

In 1916 the navy of the United States will rank below that of France.

A motor truck was built complete recently by prison labor at Sing Sing.

One person in five in South Africa is white.

Six Jamaica fireflies will supply enough light to read by.

It is said that every known fruit can be grown in Australia.

Cuba ranges from twenty-five to one hundred miles in width.

Illinois has dairy herds valued at $29,183,044.

Champagne corks taken from the opened bottles are worth $3.50 a thousand.

The British empire supplies about nearly 60 per cent of the world's gold.

There are upward of $400,000,000 good roads bonds outstanding in this country.

The population of British colonies in all parts of the world will total 400,000,000.

Argentina is thinking of importing camels into certain of its semi-arid regions, to displace the horse and ox.

It is estimated that the production of automobiles in this country during the present year will total 600,000.

The quebracho of South America is said to be the hardest of all woods to work. The name means ax-breaker.

A motor tank boat is being built in Germany for the Standard Oil Company with a capacity of 15,000 tons.

Goats may be raised profitably on land which is unsuited for any kind of cultivation.

About 90 per cent of the country's mail order business is now done by the parcel post.

Starch flour manufacture from sweet potatoes is a developing industry to Natal.

A vessel was recently launched in the Puget sound with steam up, ready to proceed on her way.

The United States has 247 war vessels equipped with wireless. Great Britain has 213, France 141 and Germany 112.

The codfish from a scientific standpoint will be exhaustively studied by a Norwegian government commission.

Natural gas, compressed in steel tanks, is being experimented with as automobile fuel in the West Virginia natural gas region.

The Persians are credited with the original high heels, which they constructed to keep their feet from the burning sands.

Labor is so cheap in Trinidad that it does not pay to buy lawn mowers as coolies will cut the grass with a small sickle or knife at a trifling cost.

Southern Italy, including Sicily, dominates the lemon markets of the world. California is the only rival Italy has in the business.

German manufacturers of blasting caps employ women for drawing the denotator tubes and for charging and packing the finished product.

One pint of gasoline will make 200 cubic feet of an explosive mixture about seven times more powerful than gunpowder.

Japan bought more than $5,000,000 worth of electrical machinery and supplies last year, most of which came from the United States.

German pencil factories produce annually about 3,000,000 gross of lead, colored, copying and slate pencils and penholders.

Italian engineers in Barbary have found great quantities of good water by digging modern wells through the sands of the desert to the hard stone that lies beneath.

According to an Italian scientist a square mile of the earth, in six hours of sunshine, receives heat equivalent to the combustion of more than 2,600 tons of coal.

To prevent the drain on its population by the emigration of 200,000 persons a year the Spanish government is planning extensive railroad and highway building schemes.

Scientists who plan to explore the arctic regions in the near future will carry wireless apparatus to enable them to communicate with the wireless station at Spitzbergen, which is only 1,000 milse from the pole.

According to the latest data obtainable, the number of places engaged in the vodka traffic in European Russia will approximate 50,000, of whichm roe than 25,000 are controlled by the state.

Under favorable atmospheric conditions a test revealed the fact that a medium yellow light could be thrown 3.93 miles, medium red, 3.06; lunar white, 3.09; medium green, 3.05; blue, one mile and purple, half a mile.

On its way to the sea the water of a river in southern California is used three times to produce power, thrice for irrigation and at two points to supply munic'palities in the usual way, all within 100 miles.

As an illustration of what the Bible output of the Oxford University press involves, it might be mentioned that the skins of 100,000 animals are used every year for the covers of Oxford Bibles alone and 400,000 sheets of gold are required for the gilt lettering.

The largest crane in the world, erected at a Scotch shipyard, can be utilized at every point within a circle 386 feet in diameter and can lift loads of 200 tons to a hight of 140 feet 75 feet from teh center.

It is now well established that the present crop of tobacco of Cuba, which is approaching the end of the harvest, will be in larger volume than that of the year preceding, when, according to current estimates, 525,000 bales were produced. The tobacco in most sections is reported to be of fine texture, of good aroma and of light weight.

In England every day there is an output of more than 54,000,000 pins. Birmingham, the greatest center of the industry in that country, alone produces 37,000,000 pins a day. The output of other pin manufacturers in England is only about half that of Birmingham. In France the daily production is 20,000,000, while Germany and Holland produce 10,000,000 a day. The total output for Europe each day is, therefore, 84,000,000.

The PEACE PAGE.

MARTHA HOLDEN — EDITOR

THE HEART OF A SOLDIER

By Martha Holden.

This is the title of a volume of letters recently printed and reviewed in the New York Times, which were written or received by Edward George Pickett, a Confederate general, born at Richmond, Va., in 1825, died at Norfolk, Va., in 1875. General Pickett was a graduate of West Point, and there, before the war, he had been a bosom friend of Ulysses Grant, Rufus Ingalls and many other brave Union men, whom he had to fight for his country's cause.

He held the center of Lee's line at Fredericksburg, he led the van in Longstreet's assault on the federal center during the last day's fight at Gettysburg, and he successfully defended Petersburg against Benjamin F. Butler, May, 1864, and served with distinction at Five Forks in April, 1865.

The most impressive thing in Gen. Pickett's letters, after the intimate view of him in those to his wife, of an ideal husband, are those to his friends, which show him not only a gallant military chieftain, but a kind hearted and right-minded gentleman. The kindly and generous feeling that existed between Confederates and Unionists who had been friends before the war is beautifully brought out. An exhibition of this feeling was made at the birth of General Pickett's first baby. Mrs. Pickett, who writes the introductory chapter of the book, and under whose direction the letters are published, tells this anecdote of their first baby:

On the occasion of my son's birth bonfires were lighted in celebration all along Pickett's line. Grant saw them and sent scouts to learn the cause. When they reported, he said to Gen. Ingalls: "Haven't we some kindling on this side of the line? Why don't we strike a light for the young Pickett?"

In a little while bonfires were flaming from the federal line. A few days later there was taken through the lines a baby's silver service engraved: "To George E. Pickett, Jr., from his father's friends, U. S. Grant, Rufus Ingalls, George Suckley."

"Gen. Pickett, in a letter from Washington, relates another incident in which this same kindly feeling was manifested:

"After breakfast we went, as arranged, to see Grant. I can't just tell you, my darling, about that visit. You'll have to wait till I see you to tell you how the warm-hearted, modest old warrior and loyal friend met me; how he took in his the hand of your heartsore soldier—poor, broken, defeated, profession gone—and, looking at him for a moment without speaking, said slowly: 'Pickett, if there is anything on the top of God's green earth I can do for you say so.'

"When I started to go Grant pulled down a check book, and said: 'Pickett, it seems funny, doesn't it, that I should have any money to offer, but how much do you need?'

"Not any, old fellow; not a cent, thank you," I said. "I have plenty."

"But Rufus tells me that you have begun to build a house to take the place of the one old Butler burned, and how can you build it without money? You do need some."

"I have sold some timber to pay for it," I told him, and to show my appreciation and gratitude, unobserved, I affectionately squeezed his leg, when he called out: "Rufus, it's the same old George Pickett. Instead of pulling my leg, he's squeezing it."

In a letter written just after the battle of Seven Pines, Gen. Pickett expresses his very warm regard for another American general:

I have heard that my dear old friend McClellan is lying ill about 10 miles from here. May some loving, soothing hand minister to him. He was, he is, and he always will be, even with his pistol pointing at my heart, my dear, loved friend. May God bless him and spare his life.

There is no lack of references to the great men of the war time in the book; the general and Mrs. Pickett between them have something to say about nearly all the famous fighters and civilians. In Mrs. Pickett's introductory chapter we find an extremely interesting story. It appears that while at Richmond, just after the surrender, she was summoned to the door by a sharp rap. She gives a charming account of what followed:

With my baby on my arm I answered the knock, opened the door, and looked up at a tall, gaunt, sad-faced man in ill-fitting clothes, who, with the accent of the north, asked:

"Is this George Pickett's place?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, "but he is not here."

"I know that, ma'am," he replied, "but I just wanted to see the place, I am Abraham Lincoln."

"The President!" I gasped.

The stranger shook his head and said: "No, ma'am; no ma'am. Just Abraham Lincoln; George's old friend."

"I am George Pickett's wife, and this is his baby," was all I could say.

My baby pushed away from me, and reached his hands to Mr. Lincoln, who took him in his arms. As he did so an expression of rapt, almost divine tenderness and love lighted up the sad face. It was a look that I have never seen on any other face. My baby opened his mouth wide and insisted upon giving his father's friend a dewy, infantile kiss. As Mr. Lincoln gave the little one back to me, shaking his finger at him playfully, he said:

"Tell your father, the rascal, that I forgive him for the sake of that kiss and those bright eyes."

Mrs. Pickett explains the interest Lincoln showed in her husband by stating that it was through Mr. Lincoln's influence that her husband received his appointment to West Point.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO:

Here we meet for
Health, Happiness and
Good cheer.

HOME

"Where a world of love is shut in, a world of strife is shut out." Home to me is the dearest place on earth, and I will try to tell you how, although with limited means, I have succeeded in making it "a place of beauty and a joy forever."

If home is to be a restful place to both body and mind, we must have harmony, both in furnishings, as well as in a social way.

I begin with my wall paper and choose a soft moss-green plain one for the parlor, with a pretty cut-out border of green, pink, cream and old rose. Then all the rooms that open up on this room or can be seen from it must harminize with it, so when viewed as a whole there are no varying colors, but a pretty, restful scene. Every piece of furniture, and necessity compelled me to buy one piece at a time, has been bought for just the place it was intended to fill. In my parlor I have a well-filled bookcase, (sectional) several easy chairs, a leather couch with hand-embroidery pillows, (my work while I rested) 2 leather floor pillows—all filled with the down from milk-weed pods, a large sword fern, a center table, a large mirror, several good pictures, a number of candlesticks, hand-embroidered scarfs for table, net curtains of good quality, cream colored shades, woodwork, old ivory enamel.

Once a week my house is given a thorough cleaning and dusting.

My other rooms are furnished with the idea of "harmony" always in view.

I am just as particular to have the kitchen utensils match my kitchen paper and woodwork, which is blue and white. I take pride in my kitchen, and my work there in preparing the good things for my family is not drudgery, but a real pleasure.

I have linoleum on my kitchen floor, rugs on the other floors, which are taken up often and beaten. I have and we never allow a fly to remain long as our guest. By following out the above plans we have a house that is restful, cozy and presents a perfectly harmonious appearance, which is good to look at and better to live in, and too with much less expense than many homes which have the appearance of a booth at the county fair.—Aunt Janet.

THE AESTHETIC PART OF LIFE

Let us grasp the meaning of nature's ways. Let us appreciate the charities she daily gives. For she sustains us with plenteous sustenance and feeds the soul with aesthetic blessings. Let us cultivate the spirit of being thankful and learn the meaning of every flower. Everything exists for some purpose. For "He hath done nothing in vain," with whom not even a sparrow can fall. Even the trivial wild flower by the wayside is an object of hope and inspiration for the mysterious life-force that molds it into being, also makes the fields green, the world beautiful and habitable and develops the trees, fruits and grains.

The sober consideration of these facts should teach us to avoid the dangerous delusion of sacrificing aesthetic objects for present worth. Because beautiful trees produce no fruits and flowers occupy ground on which vegetables would grow is no reason for us to discard them.

For the Superior Intelligence that creates the beautiful wills that we should derive pleasure from its influence. So in a larger sense, in a fuller measure, whoever plants shade trees, rose bushes or flowers does as much for progress as the person who plants orchards and vineyards. But when man yields his better nature to mammon, sets his face to the earth and ignores beauty painted on the sun-set sky, outlined in stately trees, reflected in the brightness of flowers and flamed in the constellations, he loses the satisfaction of poetic reflection, the pleasure of aesthetic realization and the blessing of higher philosophical understanding.—N. E. U., Ohio.

A PLEA FOR PEACE

Shall we be at peace with our foreign neighbors or forever be at war? Is it fair or just to encroach on our neighbors' domains just for the sake of accumulation or glory? Is it Christlike to be at war when we might well be a peaceful and happy country? Shall greed and avarice cause us to kill and rob homes of their only support? Shall we, as a Christianized and enlightened people, defer our good will and hospitality to the humblest of God's creatures? Peace among neighbors makes for good citizenship, and that makes for good government. Peace makes contentment, health and happiness. Peace is the very essence of morality, and good morals are the basis on which to build our religious growth. A peaceful nation is one to be envied . When universal peace shall reign o'er the earth, then we will have a progressive Christianity that will accomplish much good.. True, we should defend our brother if he is in danger and needs our help—but peace! peace! the gift of God's love!—Mrs. N. F., Mo.

AN ECHO

As I have been a reader of The Blade for some time I have received several good hints and lots of help from the paper, so I thought I would write a line. I was just reading Mrs. D. C. B.'s letter of Indiana. I agree with her. I think women should have the right to vote. When a man has to quit his work to go and vote, why has not his wife the same right? I hope they will have before long. I am the mother of one sweet little girl nine months old. I do all of my own work and then have lots of spare time to read, and I enjoy reading the dear old Blade.

Well, I will close and not write too much for the first time. Wishing success and happiness to all the readers.—Mrs. L. B. N., of Ohio.

PULVERIZE THE RUM POWER.

Brown Eyes from Corn Cracker State struck the nail on the head last week. Noah Webster, LL. D., wrote some time ago, "Rum, gin and brandy are destructive enemies to mankind; they destroy more lives than wars, famines and pestilences." Would to God that the whole human race would handle those evils as the young woman did mustaches, when asked her opinion of them. "Oh," said she, "I invariably set my face against them." There is little use in taking an enemy into your mouth, to steal away what little brains an individual has. Oh, the fallacy of poor finite man to try to better the work of the Creator, in his puny efforts to supersede an omnipotent power!—L. B. J., New Carlisle, Indiana.

Will Mrs. C. B. of Illinois please send her full address?

Boys and Girls

From Colorado.

We are two sisters and we live on a fruit farm, which we think is grand. We came from the city to live out here. We are (Esther) 15 and (Maybelle) 17.

Mt. Garfield is east of us and many people go up there to view the beautiful scenery.

The Grand river flows south of us and the large peach groves are east. We would like to exchange post cards and photographs with any one.—Esther and Maybelle Jones, Grand Junction, Route 1, Colorado.

Two Riddles That Are Different.

I am sending two riddles. They are both true. The first one is:

As I went out and in again,
From the dead the living came;
Six there were, seven there'll be.
And that will set the virgin free.

The story about that riddle is that a woman had done some wrong and they were going to hang her unless she could tell a riddle that they could not answer.

The other one is:

As I went through London hall
I heard a fellow loudly squall.
His tongue was meat, his lips were horn.
Do you believe there was ever such a fellow born?

I will sign my full name.—Mary Virginia Eggleston, Sunderlinville, Pa.

Call to Pennsylvania Girls.

I will soon be 11 years old. I haven't missed but one Sunday at Sunday school for over a year. I like to live in the country where I can have my flowers in the summer time. I don't have any pets, but I have three brothers and two sisters, of whom I am very proud. My mama is very good to me and I like to wash the dishes and help her with her work. I like to read the letters in The Blade from the little girls, although I never see a letter from any one that I know, yet I am glad of the chance to hear from those who do write. I wish there would be more little girls from our state write to The Blade, as I think we can make the Peace Page more interesting. Hoping to hear from more of my little friends.—Inzie Isiminger, Pa.

Another Good Scout.

I am a boy eleven years old, and live in the town of Jeffersonville, Indiana. I have been a reader of the "Peace Page" for many a year. You all have been writting about your hobbies but I don't think I have any I guess I am like Russell, from Kansas, the "Peaceful Soldier." I, too, am a Boy Scout, and I dearly love the soldier games. I am learning to write upon a typewriter, and am having pretty good success. I would like to correspond with any of the readers, and especially my brother Scout Russell, from Kansas. — Paul Coons, 1107 Clarke street, Jeffersonville, Ind.

SHORT AND SWEET.

Minus Hendricks, Smithville, Tenn., says he is more interested in reading The Blade than any other paper because it tells so much about our great country.

Let us have more good, sensible letters. We all know our good editor tries to make the Peace Page better every week. I agree with Fannie Croker about reading. My hobby is music and reading. Razia Bell, won't you please write to me? Maybe I can cheer you up a little bit.—Mae M. Smith, Dodge Center, Minn.

My school will be out the 28th of this month and then I will have nothing to do but to sit on our front porch and watch the trains pass, as we live about 200 yards from the railroad. There is a large bridge here and it is 23 feet deep from the bridge down to the railroad track. I like to watch the trains.—Florence McConnell, Owensville, Ind.

I would like a letter from D. D., Belmont, Neb., and Florence Bassett. I would like to learn more of western life on a ranch. I would enjoy corresponding with anyone living on a ranch. I have always wanted to live on a ranch and have a horse.—Edna Menzie, St. Lawrence county, Dekalb Jct., N. Y.

Lloyd Keepers, Greenfield, Ohio, has a strange hobby for a Peace Page. It is "War." He loves to read war poems and would doubtless fight for his country, but I believe from his letter that he is a peaceable lad at home.—M. H.

We have a very smart Ayrdale dog. His name is Dale. He will say his prayers and jump through your arms, and I think he will make a fine watch dog. He also catches rats.—Elden L. King, Plattsburg, O.

In my letter I will write and tell you about Cornell University, Fall Creek, Cuyuga lake and Beeby lake.—Evelyn Brown, Dryden, N. Y. R. D. No. 20.

THE HEROIC LIFE

We all love to honor the heroes of our battlefields, and each Memorial Day we feel the extra thrill of patriotism for the soldiers who fought for our great country. Today the sight of a veteran in his blue coat and tasseled hat moves us with a feeling of sentimental awe and reverence. It is well for us, and for the children, that this feeling of hero-worship be fostered by an annual celebration—yet at this season I cannot help thinking of the first lines of a poem which I once heard and wish I now possessed:

"The greatest battles that ever were fought
Were fought by the mothers of men."

If any of the Peace Page readers know of it, or can lend it to the Poets' Corner, I shall be very grateful.

That sets us thinking of the noble women of the war time, and of their sacrifices, not only during the terrible years of the war, but many thereafter, when, if they did not do battle with the world alone, they had to cheer husbands or sons whose health was impaired, and spirits and fortunes broken.

I know the Peace Page readers appreciate these splendid women of the war time, for letters and tokens of regard are always coming to tell of it.

Then there are the heroes of the sick chamber, and of those noble, cheery souls who influence well people to higher ideals of life. Our Peace Page people know and have recognized many. Among them perhaps none is more afflicted than M. Edith Myers, Brush Valley, Pa., whose picture appears herewith.

She is absolutely helpless and entirely deaf, but despite all the handicap of illness she is cheerful and her home is known as Sunshine Castle. Her young friends find comfort in her presence; they wheel her about in her chair, and rejoice with her in the beauties of nature. Children are devoted to her; all feel the beauty of a spirit which has found peace amidst great physical disquiet, a sublimely heroic achievement of the type which has distinguished the mother of men in all times of affliction. MARTHA HOLDEN.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

IN PRAISE OF TENNESSEE

I was born and reared in Tennessee and am the great-grandson of a Revolutionary soldier and the grandson of a soldier of the later war of 1812. Tennessee has been much written about by authors of various kinds at a distance, and who did not know her.

Tennesseeans have been accused by their critics of most everything but inhospitality and cowardice. Their kindness and courage have been alike the comfort of friends and the terror of foes. The people are like their mountains, containing iron, coal and marble in their characters—warmth, strength and beauty. They also combine the strength of the oak, the toughness of the hickory, the sublimity and rigor of the pine, and the poetical beauty of the cedar. Tennessee has great, strong rivers and men, and pure springs and women.

Tennessee has brains. It is said that the tactics employed by the backwoodsmen of this region at King's Mountain have been taught since in the best military schools of Germany. It has also been declared by many that a Jew cannot live here because our people are too shrewd for him. It has been said that we are behind the times, and that is too true in many instances, but we are catching up. If you doubt it, study the statistics of our public colleges, our newspapers and our rural mail routes. Then compare our temperance laws with our remote "moonshining" record.

Whatever Tennessee does she does it well, and I really believe that an army of Tennesseeans could withstand or whip any army of equal size on the earth.

Our greatest glory (next to our men and women) is our high mountains. It has been said that on some of our lofty peaks one can even "tickle the feet of the angels."—H. G. M., Russellville, Tenn.

A CHATTY LETTER

How many of you readers like to write stories? I do, for one. I have written several short stories. I have often thought I would like to see them in print, where hundreds and hundreds of people would read them. I live in a small town in West Virginia. I have many friends here and we certainly are a jolly lot of girls and boys. We are always happy and trying to make those around us happy. I would like the Blade boys and girls to be with us some time when we could get in the yacht, take our dinner, a freezer of ice cream, and go up the river fishing. We always have a jolly time, although sometimes we get more freckles than fish. You may think I am trying to force the season, fishing now, but you see we begin to plan for our fishing trip in time. Girls, I am not so awful old, but I am not going to tell my age; I am not yet out of my teens. But, oh my! I am a dandy cook. How do you like that? I would like to correspond with some girls 17, 18 or 19 years old.—Gypsy Bell.

WOOD RAMBLES

Dear Blade Friends—I am a girl of 15 summers and live in the little town of Springville, Iowa. I love Springville and its inhabitants. For one thing especially I love it, because it is a temperance town. In the summer time my girl friends and I go to the woods and stay all day, gathering flowers and rambling through the shady wood. I enjoy the songs of the Peace Page very much and will someone who knows the song entitled, "Take This Letter to My Mother," please send it for the Peace Page? I think the answer to Marie Baker's riddle is a parasol.—Brown Eyed Floss, of Hawkeye State.

A KENTUCKY HELPER

Dear Blade Readers—I am a native of Kentucky, though I have been in the western country all the time since grown. I am back in my old home state visiting and seeing the sights of my boyhood days. The beautiful hills all covered with green trees and sweet-scented flowers, which are full of singing birds; the valleys which are filled with fields of sprouting grain and green meadows, the gentle breeze and the refreshing showers, seem much more inviting than the sand storms of the western plains. Yet there is something fascinating about the western country. I served a term as a so-called cowboy while thre. I also lived on a government claim in New Mexico. A short time ago I noticed something that The Girl From New Mexico had written. I have been in her home town and my claim is not far from there. Would like to hear from her again.

If it is the desire of the readers I will write on some western subject as my part in trying to make the Peace Page interesting.—The Kentuckyian. H. L. Boggs.

Let us hear, Mr. Boggs; we are always interested.—M. H.

A PROSPECTIVE AUTHOR

I have been a reader of The Blade for about five years and as I have never seen any letter from old Alabama I will write. I live on a farm with my father and mother. I am 16 years old and a member of the church and Sunday school. My hobby is writing. I think some day I will write a book. My birthday is May 8. If any of the readers whose is the same I would like to exchange cards. With love to all I sign myself —Nature Lover, of Alabama.

OUR COOK BOOK

Fried Roe.—Slice, dip in egg and crumbs; fry like scallops; or dip in batter, fry; or break up with fork, sprinkle with onion juice and table sauce, add one cup of frying batter, drop by spoonfuls on a griddle or in hot fat; or wash and scald small roe three minutes, drain, eggcrumb and fry, or dip in batter and fry.

Buttered Onions.—Peel six Spanish onions and cut in three thick crosswise slices. Put into boiling salted water and cook 45 minutes. Drain; sprinkle with salt and pepper; add butter as desired and serve.

Squash Biscuits.—One half cup of squash (steamed and sifted), one fourth cup of sugar, one half teaspoonful of salt, one half cup of scalded milk, one fourth cup of lukewarm water, one fourth cup of butter, two and one half cups of flour. Add squash, sugar, salt and butter to hot milk. When lukewarm add dissolved yeast cake and flour. Cover, let rise overnight. In the morning shape into biscuits, let rise and bake. —Washington Herald.

Violet Cakes.—Any small round cake or cookie may be attractively prepared in this way. Spread evenly with soft violet colored icing, and in the center of each press a large candied violet. When the frosting is hard, dilute a bit of green coloring, and with a fine brush decorate the cakes with a narrow border and a few leaves.—McCall's Magazine.

Jellied Meat—The base may be beef, veal or chicken. In any case, it is to be slowly boiled until tender enough to break when pressed with a fork. A bit of spice or other seasoning (according to the meat used) may be cooked with it. Bones or fat should be removed, and the meat coarsely chopped; the pot liquor is boiled down to one cupful, and in it is dissolved one-quarter of a box of gelatine, which has been soaked in three tablespoonfuls of cold water. This is mixed with the meat; it is packed in a wetted mold, covered with a plate, which is weighted down, and set away in a cold place.

Creamed Horseradish Sauce.—Make a good drawn butter by heating a cupful of water and thickening it with two tablespoonfuls of butter rubbed in a heaping tablespoonful of flour. Cook and stir until smooth, take from the fire and beat into it two tablespoonfuls of horseradish (grated), wet up with a teaspoonful of vinegar. When well mixed add half the white of an egg whipped stiff. Beat as you would a meringue for one minute and set in hot water until you are ready to serve. An excellent accompaniment to roast or corned beef, hot or cold.

Rhubarb Meringue Pie.—Either fresh or canned rhubarb may be used. Take enough for one pie, about a half pint, and stir into it while boiling a heaping teaspoonful of corn starch mixed with the yolks of two eggs, a cupful of sugar and one table-spoonful of butter. Have ready a pie tin lined with a nice crust already baked. Spread this with the rhubarb mixture and cover with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff, with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Set in the oven until nicely browned and serve cold. —Jersey Journal.

Growth of Good Feeling North and South

Fifty years ago in July one of the greatest battles in the world's history was fought, a battle that decided the fate of the Southern Confederacy, and changed the history of the south. As a boy we witnessed the awful gloom that settled upon us, and the hopelessness that filled every heart.

No one then would have dreamed that 50 years later the United States government would be providing tents and grounds for the soldiers of the south in connection with those from the north, and that Pennsylvania would provide transportation for both blue and gray residing within her borders.

It shows that peace has her victories as well as war, and that amid the many monuments on the field illustrating the gallantry of each section in cutting each other's throats, there will be none to compare with the living monument of two foes meeting in friendship on the very field where they once slew thousands of each section.—Presbyterian Standard.

Our Correspondents

I enjoy the Peace Page very much; I do not see many letters from Vt., but I think, now, if this is in print, I will tell you about the new lake in our town next time. Good wishes to all the Blade readers.—A Happy Wife from Vt.

Grand Army Boy of Iowa writes wanting to know about a book called the Secrets of Health, and as I have one I now comply. By S. H. Platt, A. M., M. D. I am also an old G. A. R. boy and am always highly pleased with all the letters, in fact with all the Blade contents. Wife and I are living all alone in our little farm and find great comfort in reading.—W. Foyer.

A Lumber Jack from Michigan promises a letter on "How They Lumber in Upper Michigan and Canada." We shall be interested in this letter, I feel sure.—M. H.

If Betty of Whiting would send her last name I wouldn't be too stuck up to write to her. But I don't know how the Irish and the Yankee would get along together.—Bessie Beahan, 30 Franklin st., Carthage, N. Y.

Virgle and Martin Cockran, Buffalo Ridge, Va., had living at one time six grandmothers and three grandfathers.

Thank you all for the beautiful cards you sent me. I would love to answer each one personally, but there are so many I cannot; they were greatly appreciated.—Bonnie Meeley, Ireland, W. Va.

One of the hardest things I have ever seen in life was poverty without love. Just think of men and women trying to live in this world without love, having to strive and struggle for a mere existence, in the humblest walks of life. And no spark of love, it is no wonder that humanity has fallen so low. No wonder men become false and mean and women become low and sordid and selfish. A little love in the heart would make things easy and would uplift even the most humble and make the world a better place to live in.

If Mrs. J. J. D. (who asked for the recipe to take mildew out of white goods, in the Toledo Blade of March, 1913) will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Oscar E. Shaffer, Shavertown, N. York, she will send her the way to remove it, without any injury to the fabric, by a simple, home remedy.

Every Blemish Removed In Ten Days

I Will Tell Every Reader of This Paper How FREE.

Your Complexion Makes or Mars Your Appearance.

PEARL LA SAGE, former actress who now offers to tell women of the most remarkable complexion treatment ever known.

This great beauty marvel has instantly produced a sensation. Stubborn cases have been cured that baffled physicians and beauty specialists for years. You have never in all your life used or heard of anything like it. Makes muddy complexions, red spots, pimples, blackheads, eruptions vanish almost like magic. No cream, lotion, enamel, salve, plaster, bandage, mask, massage, diet or apparatus, nothing to swallow. It doesn't matter whether or not your complexion is a "fright," whether your face is full of muddy spots, peppery blackheads, embarrassing pimples and eruptions, or whether your skin is rough and "porey," and you've tried almost everything under the sun to get rid of the blemishes. This wonderful treatment, in just ten days, positively removes every blemish and beautifies your skin in a marvelous way. You look years younger. It gives the skin the bloom and tint of purity of a freshly-blown rose. In ten days you can be the subject of wild admiration by all your friends, no matter what your age or condition of health. All methods now known are cast aside. There is nothing to wear, nothing to take internally. Your face, even arms, hands, shoulders are beautified beyond your fondest dreams. All this I will absolutely prove to you before your own eyes in your mirror in ten days. This treatment is absolutely harmless to the most delicate skin, and very pleasant to use. No change in your mode of living is necessary. A few minutes every day does it.

To every reader of this paper I will give full details of this really astounding treatment. Let me show you. You do not risk a penny. Send me no money—just send your name and address on the free coupon below and I will give you full details by return mail.

Free Coupon

PEARL LA SAGE, Suite 205
2018 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I am a reader of this paper and am entitled to know full details of the sensational, harmless, scientific method for giving marvelous beauty to the complexion and removing every blemish in ten days. There is no obligation whatever on my part for this information.

Name..
Street..
City........................State.............

POETS' CORNER

TOGETHER THROUGH THE WAR

By Mrs. Findley Braden.

They march again with muffled drums,
Just as they did of old,
For Decoration Day, once more,
Around has quickly rolled.
It is the veterans' day of days!
Old comrades, by the score,
Now meet again, who bravely served
Together through the war.

They grasp each other's wrinkled hands,
And tears are in each eye,
They see the changes Time can make,
And audibly they sigh.
They're growing older, older still,
Death soon will reach each door.
They thank God they were spared to serve
Together through the war.

They gather 'round young heroes' graves,
Who fell so long ago.
Above them, fragrant flowers are strewn,
Perhaps they see, and know.
Some later, ad less bravely died,
Their country's flag, they bore.
They can't forget they fought and bled,
Together through the war.

They listen to the speches made,
The prayers ascending too;
The music so inspiring now,
That tells a tale so true.
And though 'tis half forgotten still,
By it, they set great store;
It is the record of their days
Together through the war.

Their ranks have grown so thin and weak,
Old wounds still give them pain;
They tremble as they march along,
But they will not complain.
Their locks are either gray, or white,
The blue they proudly wore—
Grandfathers now, the boys who were
Together through the war.

Another Decoration Day
Perhaps they'll see next year.
Three cheers for country, home and friends,
And all they hold most dear!
"Hurrah!" they cry, in inmost soul,
Their hearts thrill'd to the core;
"Hurrah! hurrah! we gladly served
Together through the war!"

HIGH AND LOW

By Dora Read Goodale.

The showers fall as softly
Upon the lowly grass
As on the stately roses
That tremble as they pass.

The sunlight shines as brightly
On fern leaves bent and torn
As on the golden harvest—
The fields of waving corn.

The wild birds sing as sweetly
To rugged, jagged pines
As to the shaded orchards
And to the cultured vines.

Our Father looks as kindly
Upon the lowly poor
As on the rich and haughty
Who turn them from their door.

A REVERIE

By Joseph Bennett.

Out from the dim and distant past,
Comes the thought of a love most rare—
The memory dear of a love that lasts
From its first fond hope to this distance vast,
Comes the form of an angel fair.

'Tis only a dream, it cannot last
Too sweet to be true, too distant for pain.
I look through the years that have flown so fast,
And weave with the warp and woof of the past,
The scene of that far-off conflict again.

THE GRAVE OF LINCOLN

Edna Dean Proctor.

Now must the storied Potomac
Laurels forever divide;
Now to the Sangamon prairies
Give of its century's pride.
Sangamon, stream of the prairies,
Placidly westward that flows,
Far in whose city of silence
Calm he has found his repose.
Over our Washington's river
Sunrise beams rosy and fair;
Sunset on Sangamon fairer—
Father and martyr lies there.

Kings under pyramids slumber,
Sealed in the Lybian sands;
Princes in gorgeous cathedrals,
Decked with the spoil of all lands;
Kinglier, Princelier sleeps he,
Couched 'mid the prairies serene,
Only the turf and the willow
Him and God's heaven between;
Temple nor column to cumber
Verdure and bloom of the sod—
So in the vale by Beth peor
Moses was buried by God.

Break into blossom, O prairies!
Snowy and golden and red;
Peers of the Palestine lilies,
Weep for your glorious dead!
Roses as fair as of Sharon,
Branches as stately as palm,
Odors as rich as the spices—
Cassia and aloes and balm—
Mary the loved and Salome,
All with a gracious accord,
Ere the first glow of the morning
Brought to the tomb of the Lord.

Wind of the West! breathe around him,
Soft as the saddened air's sigh,
When to the summit of Pisgah
Moses had journeyed to die,
Clear as the anthem that floated
Wide o'er the Moabite plain;
Low with the wail of the people
Blending its burdened refrain;
Rarer, O Wind! and diviner
Sweet as the breezes went by
When over Olivet's mountain,
Jesus was lost in the sky.

Not for thy sheaves nor savannas
Crown we thee, proud Illinois!
Here, in his grave is thy grandeur;
Born of his sorrow thy joy.
Only the tomb by Mount Zion
Hewn for the Lord, do we hold
Dearer than his in thy prairies,
Girdled with harvests of gold!
Still for the world, through the ages
Wreathing with glory his brow,
He shall be liberty's saviour,
Freedom's Jerusalem thou!

THE OLD MAN DREAMS

O. W. Holmes.

O, for one hour of youthful joy;
Give me back my 20th spring
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
Than reign a gray-haired king;

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age;
Away with learnings crown;
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down;

One moment let my life-blood stream;
From boyhood's fount of flame ;
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame;

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly, smiling said,
If I but touch thy silvered hair,
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished for day?

Ah, truest soul of woman kind
Without thee what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind
I'll take—my—precious—wife;

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,
The man would be a boy again
And be a husband, too;

And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears;
Remember all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years;

Why yes; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
I could not bear to leave them all;
I'll take—my—girls—and—boys;

The smiling angel dropped his pen—
Why this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father, too;

And so I laughed—my laughter woke
The household with its noise—
And wrote my dream when morning broke
To please the gray haired boys.

WILL THEY MEET ME?

Rev. Millard H. Smith.

Will they meet me there, I wonder?
When my work on earth is done
And I go across the river
And reach my heavenly home.
Will they stand beside those portals?
In that wondrous land so fair,
Dwelling with those blest immortals
Will they meet me when I'm there?

Long ago they left me lonely
Standing by the river's foam;
And they reached the heavenly harbor
Where no storms can ever come.
Will they never more remember
Earthly friends they once did love,
Where they dwell in beauteous splendor
In Our Father's home above?

Can a mother's love remember?
Far up on that distant shore,
Will she there forget her children
And remember them no more?
Will she stand beside the river
When I'm on the raging foam?
Will she clasp me to her bosom
When I reach that happy home?

That will be a happy meeting
When I lay my armor down
And go out to meet my loved ones
Who have gained a robe and crown
And I'll meet my blessed Saviour
And shall know as I am known
And forever more will praise him
With my loved ones safe at home.

I WOULDN'T FRET

By Florence A. Jones.

Dear little lad, with flashing eyes,
And soft cheeks where the swift red flies,
Some one has grieved you, dear; I know
Just how it hurts; words can hurt so!
But, listen, laddie—don't you hear
The old clock ticking loud and clear?
It says, "Dear heart, let us forget—
I wouldn't fret, I wouldn't fret!"

Why, little girlie, what's gone wrong?
My song-bird's drooping, hushed her song.
The world has used you ill, you say?
Ah, sweetheart, that is just the way.
It doesn't mean to be unkind,
So, little lassie, never mind;
The old clock ticks, "Forget, forget,
I wouldn't fret, I wouldn't fret!"

SURPRISE

Maltbie Davenport Babcock.

O little bulb, uncouth,
Rugged and rusty brown,
Have you some dew of youth?
Have you a crimson gown?
Plant me and see
What I shall be—
God's fine surprise
Before your eyes!

O fuzzy ugliness,
Poor, helpless, crawling worm,
Can any loveliness
Be in that sluggish form?
Hide me and see
What I shall be—
God's bright surprise
Before your eyes!

A body wearing out,
A crumbling house of clay!
O agony of doubt
And darkness and dismay!
Trust God and see
What I shall be—
His best surprise
Before your eyes!

PIPPA'S SONG

Robert Browning.

The year's at the spring,
And the day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside dew-pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

GARDENING

St. Nicholas.

This is the short and sorrowful tale
Of Jessica Jenkins Jones;
She planted a packet of seeds with pride
While her dog looked on with his head on the side
And thought: "She's burying bones."
When Jessica left, he dug like mad
In search of the luscious bones.
So Jessica's garden it does not grow
And Jessica's dog is cross, and so
Is Jessica Jenkins Jones.

CONSCIENCE

Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

"Good-bye," I said to my Conscience—
"Good-bye for aye and aye;"
And I put her hands off harshly,
And turned my face away;
And Conscience, smitten sorely,
Returned not from that day.

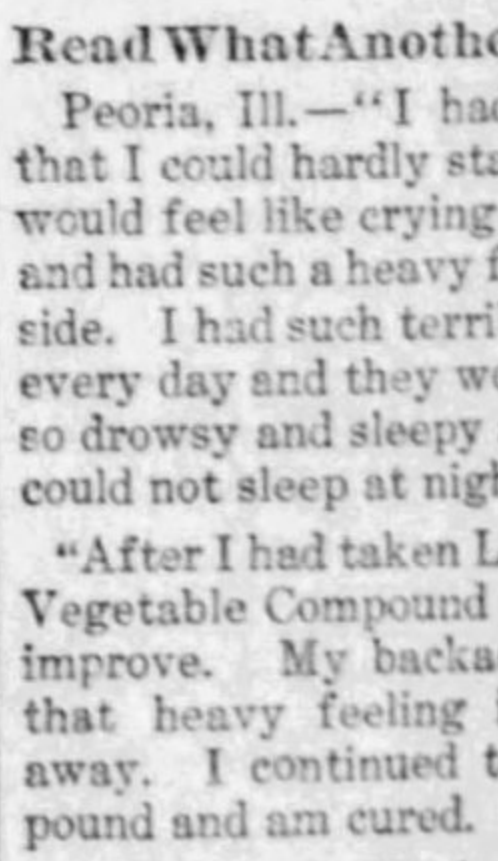
But a time came when my spirit
Grew weary of its pace,
And I cried, "Come back, my Conscience,
I long to see thy face."
But Conscience cried, "I can not—
Remorse sits in my place."

SONGS WANTED

Blue Bell.
Three Leaves of Shamrock.
Rally 'Round the Flag.
He and She.
Battle of Shiloh.
Maude Muller.
The Snow Storm.

WOMAN COULD NOT WALK

She Was So Ill—Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Pentwater, Mich.—"A year ago I was very weak and the doctor said I had a serious displacement. I had backache aud bearing down pains so bad that I could not sit in a chair or walk across the floor and I was in severe pain all the time. I felt discouraged as I had taken everything I could think of and was no better. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now I am strong and healthy."—Mrs. ALICE DARLING, R.F.D. No. 2, Box 77, Pentwater, Mich.

Read What Another Woman says:

Peoria, Ill.—"I had such backaches that I could hardly stand on my feet. I would feel like crying out lots of times, and had such a heavy feeling in my right side. I had such terrible dull headaches every day and they would make me feel so drowsy and sleepy all the time, yet I could not sleep at night.

"After I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a week I began to improve. My backache was less and that heavy feeling in my side went away. I continued to take the Compound and am cured.

"You may publish this if you wish."—Miss CLARA L. GAUWITZ, R.R. No. 4, Box 62, Peoria, Ill.

Such letters prove the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for woman's ills. Why don't you try it?

Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or of any firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

BATTLE OF THE BOYNE

I would like to have you print a brief description of the Battle of the Boyne.—R. M., Middletown, Cal.

The Boyne is a river of Ireland, memorable in English history for the important victory gained on its banks about three miles above Drogheda in 1690, by the forces under the command of William III., over those of James II. Though James' personal courage was beyond all question, he, on this occasion, allowed the prudence of the sovereign to outweigh the impulses of the soldiers. Of his troops 1,500 were killed and wounded, while William lost barely 500 men. In 1736 an obelisk, 150 feet high, was erected at Oldbridge, on the site of the battlefield, in commemoration of this victory.

INVISIBLE INKS

Will you please tell me through the Question Bureau what ingredients are contained in invisible inks.—J. H. M., Athens, Pa.

Invisible or sympathetic inks leave no visible, or at least only colorless marks on the paper. By exposing the paper to heat or moisture the marks are brought out. The materials of the common ferrogallic inks may be used separately for a sympathetic ink, the writing being done with the sulphate of iron solution and washed over with that of the galls, as the writing of some old manuscripts is now occasionally restored. A dilute solution of chloride of copper used for writing is invisible until the paper is heated. Then the letters are seen of a beautiful yellow, disappearing with the heat that developed them. The salts of cobalt, as the acetate, sulphate, nitrate and chloride, possess a similar property, the letters appearing blue. The addition of a salt of nickel renders them green.

CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY

Please give information on the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.—M. B., Flora, Ill.

The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was a treaty existing from 1850 to 1901 between the United States and Great Britain. It was an agreement designed to prevent either country from securing exclusive rights over any interoceanic canal across Nicaragua. Its origin represented a supposed mutual withdrawal from positions rapidly generating war. Its lifetime has two opposite phases: That in which the United States, wishing no exclusive rights, held to it and appealed to it as a bulwark against English encroachments, opposing only an injurious interpretation of it; that in which the same power did wish such privileges, endeavored first to secure British assent to its abrogation, and after long and fruitless struggles and repeated threats of abrogating it without such assent, was only withheld from the abrogation by a compromise treaty which replaced the old.

WILLIAM MORGAN

Kindly tell what you can of the life of William Morgan.—J. H. P., Underwood, Ind.

William Morgan, the American Freemason, whose death was the immediate cause of the Anti-Masonic party, was born in Culpeper county, Virginia, about 1775, and died in 1826, possibly near Niagara. He fought in the defense of New Orleans in 1815; removed to York, Canada, in 1821, where he became a brewer and soon after moved to Batavia, N. Y. In August, 1826, he disappeared soon after a rumor had been spread that he was to reveal the secrets of the Masonic order. He was supposed to have been abducted by fellow Masons and drowned in Lake Ontario, but his death was never proved. A corpse found near the mouth of the Niagara river was stated to be his. He was the author of "Illustrations of Freemasonry, by One of the Fraternity Who Has Devoted Thirty Years to the Subject."

THE MISSISSIPPI

Please give a short description of the Mississippi river.—B. J. S., Mancelona, Mich.

The Mississippi is the main stem of the greatest drainage system of North America, and one of the greatest in the world, having an area of 1,257,000 square miles. The Mississippi extends nearly the entire length of the United States, from within 100 miles of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, in a water course of about 2,500 miles, and forms the boundary, total or partial, of 10 states—Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana, on the west, and Wisconsin, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi on the east. It has about 100,000 tributaries, 240 large enough to figure on small sized statistical charts. The greatest of its tributaries are the Missouri, Ohio, Arkansas, Red, White, Yazoo and St. Francis.

NOTARY PUBLIC

I would like some information about the position of notary public.—G. M., Leon, W. Va.

In the United States and Great Britain a notary public is a person who publicly attests deeds, or writings, to make them authentic in another country, but he principally acts in business relating to commerce; makes protests of bills of exchange which are not accepted or not paid; attests the statements of masters of ships in regard to the damage which their vessels have suffered, etc. Notaries are usually commissioned by the executives of their states and derive their particular powers from statute provisions.

INCOME TAX AMENDMENT

Please quote the income tax amendment to the constitution.—E. C., Millersburg, Ind.

The resolution proposing an income tax amendment to the constitution was passed by the senate July 5, 1909, and by the house July 12. The amendment reads as follows: The congress shall have the power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever source derived, without apportionment, among the several states, and without regard to any census or enumeration. It was ratified in 1912. The seventeenth amendment has not been adopted.

EGYPTIAN OBELISK

Will you please give an account of how the Egyptian obelisk was moved from Africa to New York?—C. H., Lewisville, Ind.

The work of moving the great Egyptian obelisk from Alexandria to New York was managed by Commander H. H. Gorringe, of the United States navy. This officer reached Alexandria October 16, 1879, and at once began work with 100 Arabs, who completed the obelisk's pedestal by removing 1,730 cubic yards of earth in about 20 days. The machinery for lowering the monolith was then attached, and the block was laid in a horizontal position. Within the foundation and steps of the pedestal were found stones and implements engraved with emblematic designs, and some delay was caused in order that these might be taken up very carefully to be placed in exactly the same position in the pedestal when re-erected in New York. The obelisk was removed to the wharf and upon the steamer waiting for it by means of cannon balls rolling in metal grooves. The shaft, pedestal and steps of the obelisk were moved separately, the entire mass weighing 1,470 tons. The steamer bearing this freight left Alexandria June 12, 1880, and arrived at Staten Island July 20. The iron tracks and cannon balls were adjusted after some delay, and on these the monolith was disembarked September 16. Next the rise and fall of the tide was ultimatized to float it up the North river and land it at the foot of Ninety-sixth street, whence it was moved by steam power on tracks with rollers, along Tenth avenue and across Eighty-sixth street to Central Park. The track was two miles long, and was inclined, the upper part of it being laid on trestlework, in order to bring the shaft, when it was to be raised, at a proper height above the pedestal. Pulleys, chains and ropes were then attached, and the signal being given, the great mass was rapidly and gently raised, and in a short time stood firmly upon the base which had been previously securely put in place.

MISCELLANEOUS

F. D., Terre Haute, Ind.—A list of the bulletins published by the U. S. department of agriculture can be had upon application made to the department at Washington.

M. N., Andover, Ohio—The G. A. R. encampment for 1913 will be at Nashville, Tenn., in September.

Glasses Absolutely Free

Don't Send Me One Cent

When you answer this announcement, as I am going to mail you a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses (known in the spectacle business as "lenses") absolutely free of charge as an advertisement.

As soon as you get them I want you to put them on your eyes, no matter how weak they may be; sit down on your front porch one of these beautiful summer nights, and you'll be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the very finest print in your bible with them on, even by moonlight; you'll be able to thread the smallest-eyed needle you can lay your hands on, and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on, and do it all night long with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.

Or, if you like to go out hunting occasionally, just shoulder your gun and go out into the woods some early morning and you'll be greatly delighted when you drop the smallest bird off the tallest tree-top and distinguish a horse from a cow out in the pasture at the greatest distance and as far as your eye can reach with them on—and this even if your eyes are so very weak now that you cannot even read the largest headlines in this paper.

Now Don't Take My Word For It

but send for a pair at once and try them out yourself, and after a thorough tryout, if you find that they really have restored to you the absolute perfect eyesight of your early youth, you can keep them forever without one cent of pay, and

Just Do Me A Good Turn

by showing them around to your friends and neighbors, and speak a good word for them whenever you have the chance. If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write your name, address and age on the below four-dollar coupon at once, and this will entitle you to a pair of my famous "Perfect Vision" glasses absolutely free of charge as an advertisement.

Write name, address and age below.

$4 DR. HAUX $4
The Spectacle Man
ST. LOUIS, MO.

I herewith enclose this four-dollar coupon, which you agreed in the above advertisement to accept in full and complete payment of a brand new pair of your famous "Perfect Vision" glasses, and I am certainly going to make you stick to that contract.

My age is........................
Name ....
Postoffice ....
R. R...... Box...... State........
$4 $4

DELAY RECOGNIZING HUERTA

Wilson Indicates Better Conditions Must Come in Mexico First.

Washington, May 23.—President Wilson made it clear yesterday that the United States had reached no decision as to recognizing the Huerta government in Mexico and indicated that when recognition is extended it will be as a result of a general adjustment of conditions in Mexico.

The impression gained was that the outcome of the presidential elections would be awaited.

BROTHERS MEET IN ODD WAY

One Wakes Up in Night and Finds Other Has Same Room.

Steamboat Springs, Colo., May 23.—Joseph Foster, of Kansas City, arrived in Steamboat Springs, registered at a hotel, was assigned a room and retired. Another man arrived later and was given a cot in the same room. Awakening in the night, Mr. Foster turned on the light and discovered his roommate was his brother, whom he had not seen for 14 years.

SILVER JUBILEE!

Will you help celebrate?

"How would you advise me to observe my 25th anniversary as an Ear Specialist?" was the question Specialist Sproule asked some of his friends. Their answer was unanimously: "Give away a certain number of your treatment for Head Noises, Free."

After careful consideration, the Specialist has decided to do this, and now he wants every sufferer from Head Noises to help him celebrate by sending for a Free Treatment.

Just 25 years ago, he began curing this trouble and he has kept right on doing it for a quarter of a century. Hundreds and hundreds of people who never thought to be free from those incessant, terrible noises have secured a blessed quietness by the use of his treatment.

Moreover, every Head Noises sufferer's heart confirms the medical truth that his trouble is only too surely a red lantern of warning to tell of coming Deafness. Whether the ear-sounds are constant or occasional—whether the hearing is still acute or impaired to a greater or lesser extent Deafness will come. What more pitiful affliction? To be starving for love, yet unable to hear a word of sympathy, shut out from friends and companionship—to be only a burden and annoyance to others!

FREE
HEAD NOISES
TREATMENT

To celebrate his Silver Jubilee, Specialist Sproule offers Free Treatment for a short time, to every Head Noises sufferer who reads these lines. He does this in response to the requests of people just like you, who suffered from Head Noises and approaching Deafness, and who have been entirely cured by his treatment.

Don't miss this Silver opportunity. Just sit down and write a note to Specialist Sproule asking for a "Jubilee Free Treatment," or write "Jubilee Free Treatment" on a post card, sign your name and address, and the treatment will come to you as quickly as the mails can bring it. You can then see this Method for yourself. It won't cost you a cent. Don't delay and don't hesitate. Get in line to have a Jubilee yourself by getting rid of those terrible noises. Think how happy you would be to be free from them! Write right NOW. Send for Jubilee Free Head Noises Treatment and share in the Jubilee.

Deafness Specialist Sproule,
43 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

POISON VICTIM DEAD

Georgia Banker Loses Brave Fight for Life.

Macon, Ga., May 22.—After bravely facing for a week the inevitable result of his mistake in taking a tablet of bichloride of mercury, B. Sanders Walker, a young Macon banker, died this morning at 1:35 o'clock. Members of the family had gathered at his bedside several days ago, when the doctors announced there was no hope for him. When the end neared today Walker gave no sign of flinching, but went to his death with a resignation that has rendered the case more than unusually interesting throughout the country. During the last day Walker was under the influence of opiates most of the time, but in conscious intervals gave evidence that he was not suffering.

Scores of sympathetic messages were received by the family and many of them were in the nature of inquiries as to the treatment being given Mr. Walker. It has been impossible to find out definitely what course the physicians took, as they have refused to talk, except to briefly trace the progress of the poison's slow but deadly effect.

ARRESTED AS $45,000 THIEF

Treasurer of Church Accused of Embezzling From a Jeweler.

Philadelphia, May 23.—Accused of embezzling more than $45,000, John J. Dallas, treasurer of a church in Ardmore, was arrested today. It is charged he took the money while a bookkeeper for Louis P. White, a wholesale jeweler. Dallas received a salary of $20 a week, but bought a $15,000 home, and kept a motor car and chauffeur.

MT. VESUVIUS AGAIN ACTIVE

Eruption and Quake Occur and New Fissure Opens.

Naples, Italy, May 23.—Vesuvius during the night and this morning showed renewed signs of activity. One eruption was accompanied by a slight earthquake shock.

A new and large central fissure has opened around the crater from which ashes are emitted. The ashes, however, have not yet gone beyond the limits of the volcano.

Mothers' Congress Head Urges Children's Care

MRS. FREDERIC SCHOFF

Philadelphia, May 22.—Mrs. Frederic Schoff, president of the National Congress of Mothers, is starting a national campaign for the establishment of probation commissions in every state in the union. She is intensely interested in juvenile court work and stated at the recent annual meeting of the congress in Boston that she hoped educational work would be undertaken with greater zeal for the benefit of children who come in touch with the law through misdeeds. A marked feature of the year, Mrs. Schoff said, has been the co-operation of pastors in the organization of parents' associations for study of the child's spiritual development.

U. S. HAS BIGGER JOB THAN CANAL

Valuation of Railroads Is Actually Under Way—Big Engineers Named.

The biggest job ever handed out by congress is not the Panama canal, as most people believe, but the Railway Valuation Act, which is now law and actively under way. Commenting on this huge task, the Engineering News says editorially that it involves a larger amount of engineering work and a larger outlay of money for engineering services than the great job at the isthmus.

This immense task is to be done under the general supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which is authorized to employ such experts as are deemed necessary. It has been unofficially stated that no less than 20,000 applications were received for positions, and that all subordinate positions, are to be filled through civil service examinations. The commissioners have already announced the appointment of five engineers, who will have charge of the organization of the staff and later have the direction of the field and office work.

Men Who Will Serve.

Robert Andrew Thompson was born at New Waverly, Walker county, Texas, on July 11, 1869. He graduated from the University of Texas with the degree of Bachelor of Science in 1892, the following year he received the degree of Master of Arts, and in 1900 the degree of Civil Engineer. In 1895 he was appointed assistant engineer of the Texas railroad commission.

Mr. Thompson was appointed chief engineer of the California railroad commission in October, 1911, and during the past year and a half has organized the engineering staff and begun the work of appraising the railways of the state; to date, some 1,000 miles of the work have been completed.

John Stephen Worley is senior member of the firm of Worley & Black, consulting engineers, Kansas City, Mo. He was born at Oak Grove, Mo., in 1876. He received his technical education at the University of Missouri, where he spent two years, and at the University of Kansas, where he graduated in 1903. He obtained a Master's degree at the University of Kansas in 1904.

In 1912 Mr. Worley was engineer in charge of an investigation of the methods of operation and accounting of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western R. R., for the purpose of suggesting reforms and improvements to increase the efficiency of the railway organization.

A Southern Engineer.

Howard Murfree Jones was born in Murfreesboro, Tenn., October 9, 1874. In 1891 he entered the civil engineering department of the Vanderbilt University, at Nashville, Tenn. After spending three years here, he went to Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., where he graduated in 1895, with the degree of Bachelor of Engineering.

Mr. Jones opened an office for private engineering practice in Nashville, January 1, 1907, making a specialty of bridge and reinforced-concrete design and construction. During the last six years he has designed and supervised the erection of two large reinforced-concrete bridges across the Cumberland river at Nashville, aggregating over a million dollars in cost, besides some 80 to 100 bridges of lesser importance.

The other members of this carefully chosen commission are Prof. William David Pence and E. F. Wendt.

IN SYNDICATE'S GRIP

Morgan-Guggenheim Alaska Interests Are Enormous.

Washington, May 21.—Delegate Wickersham, of Alaska, startled the senate territories committee today by declaring that Senator Chamberlain, a member of the committee, had inadvertently been the author of a bill in a previous congress which would have turned over to the "Guggenheims" absolute control of the harbor of Cordova and the entrance to the Bering river coal fields.

"There was a little inoffensive looking bill introduced in committees. I believe you were the author of it, Senator Chamberlain," said Wickersham, "giving the right of way to the Guggenheims from Mile Twenty-five on the Copper River road to Three Tree Point. You didn't know what that bill meant. It passed the senate, but when it reached the house I killed it. If it had passed it would have given the Guggenheims title in fee simple to all of Cordova harbor and they would have had a monopoly like that of Mr. Ryan on Controller Bay."

Senator Chamberlain made no reply.

Mr. Wickersham told the committee that the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate had Alaska "by the throat."

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

"THE ANGEL DOCTOR" IS DEAD

Noted New York Character Passes Away Suddenly.

New York, May 22.—The lower East Side is in mourning, for "the angel doctor" is dead. Thirty years ago he came to Little Hungary and since that time had endeared himself to the poor of the district by administering to their ills and steadfastly refusing pay. Few of his neighbors knew more of him than that, but when he died in his barren room yesterday they hastened out to spend their pennies for candles. They marched up the narrow stair by twos and threes and stood in awe about the blanket covered figure.

The "Angel Doctor's" real name was Dr. Karoly. He was born in Hungary 60 years ago and came to this country in 1881. Soon after he arrived here he changed his name calling himself Dr. Frank Charles. He practiced on the Pacific coast and in Chicago for a time and in 1883 settled on the east side. He is said to have been able to speak 17 languages and was a profound student of medicine. Yesterday he was chatting with a friend when suddenly he started from his chair.

"Joe, I'm going; before it's too late I want to tell you the great secret of my—"

That is as far as he got for he fell forward dead.

Enters Fight Against Pure Food Violations

MISS HELEN V. BOSWELL

New York, May 22.—Miss Helen V. Boswell is one of the prominent women of this city who are backing a new movement to secure pure food for the housekeepers of America. She is a lawyer and was especially active in behalf of the Republican party during the last presidential campaign. She is a director of the newly organized society known as Our Daily Food Alliance, the purpose of which is to demand pure food from the dealer and prosecute violations. It is planned to spread the movement into as many large cities as possible, securing the aid of women who are interested in civic improvement and uplift. It is known that all reputable retailers approve such a campaign of arrests.

ALASKA RAILROAD IS WILSON'S PLAN

United States System to Open Coal Fields Favored by Administration.

Washington, May 23.—The building of a government railroad system in Alaska is scheduled to be one of the early achievements of the Wilson administration.

This will be an experiment of extraordinary interest for at least two reasons. A government road will open up the coal fields and the other vast natural resources of Alaska. The experience of the government in operating such a system also will raise the question in concrete form of the advisability of inaugurating government ownership and operation of railroads in the states.

President Wilson and his cabinet unanimously favor the Alaska experiment and have set the machinery in motion for the enactment of the legislation. Secretary of State Bryan and Secretary of the Interior Lane particularly are deeply interested in an early achievement of the project.

Plan Aids True Conservatism.

Mr. Lane believes a policy of true conservation can be worked out only with the aid of a government road which will bring the coal and other resources to tidewater. With the government standing guard to prevent mineral claims and transportation from falling into the hands of the mining trust it will be possible to supply the Pacific coast and the navy with cheap coal within a few years.

Secretary Bryan believes that a railroad system in Alaska operated by the government is entirely feasible. It appeals to him as an economic experiment of great significance. He long has believed in the government ownership of railroads throughout the country.

His announcement of that conviction in his famous New York speech on his return from a trip around the world stirred the nation. It created such dissension in the Democratic party at the time that he dropped the subject as premature, and has not said much about it since. But his conviction remains, and if the Alaska experiment should succeed he is likely to revive the proposition.

Bill Pending in Senate.

The proposed legislation already is pending in the senate in a bill introduced by Senator Pitman, of Nevada, chairman of the committee on territories. The bill follows the lines suggested in a letter from Secretary Lane to Pitman. The general provisions were considered by the cabinet and given the approval of the President.

The committee will make a favorable report on the bill, probably at the beginning of the regular session next winter, and with the President behind it there is little doubt of its enactment. There will be no trouble in the house, but the bill may have a tight squeeze in the senate.

A considerable number of Democrats are known to oppose the plan, but it is figured that this defection will be offset by the support of the Progressives and progressive Republicans.

FIGHTING AT SALONIKI

Greeks and Bulgars in Severe Contest.

London, May 24.—Severe fighting has been resumed between the Greek and Bulgarian troops in the vicinity of Saloniki. The infantry and artillery of both forces are hotly engaged near that city, according to dispatches received here from Athens.

The dispatches refer to the situation as having become "extremely grave."

When the last message was sent, King Constantine of Greece, who had just arrived at Saloniki with the general staff of the Greek army was endeavoring to arrange a neutral zone between the two armies.

Saloniki, May 24.—The losses of the Greek troops during the fighting against the Bulgarians are given today as one captain killed and 250 men killed or wounded. Hostilities have been suspended.

A mutiny has broken out among the Bulgarian troops at Serres, the men demanding to be disbanded. When their commanding officer found that he was unable to quell the disturbance, he committed suicide.

SAY HITCHCOCK SPENT TOO MUCH

Democrats Hold Burleson's Predecessor Responsible for Cash Famine.

Washington, May 21.—The Democrats are beginning to realize that Postmaster General Burleson was left with the bag to hold by former Postmaster General Hitchcock, who "made a brilliant record at making ends meet," says a dispatch to the N. Y. World.

The postoffice department needs funds and needs them right now. A request for $600,000 for emergency purposes has been made upon congress and the house has acted favorably.

A combination of things has brought about an extraordinary situation in the postoffice department.

First, for a number of years ex-Postmaster General Hitchcock did not establish any rural free delivery routes, but just before going out he established nearly a thousand. The Democrats of Washington believe that Mr. Hitchcock knew it would require more money than had been appropriated for that purpose to carry the new routes.

Second, the law providing an eight-hour day for clerks and carriers of first and second-class postoffices in causing demoralization that is hard to cope with, in addition to taking care of new business caused by the establishment of the parcel post system.

Postmaster General Burleson and his assistants are trying to formulate plans to bring about better conditions. They are confronted with a serious proposition.

Complaints are coming in from many cities, especially New York, Chicago and other large places, of poor service. Mr. Burleson has sent expert delivery men to see what can be done to improve conditions in the parcel post service.

It is estimated that about 50,000 employes are effected by the eight-hour law, which has reduced the efficiency of the delivery and clerical forces of first and second-class offices at least 10 per cent, without the addition of another eight-hour force. The parcel post is thriving so well that it is taxing the government to take care of it without more appropriation. Postmaster General Burleson has gone to the White House with his troubles.

The railway mail service is causing no end of worry at the postoffice department. The parcel post has increased the tonnage of railway mail enormously and is taking up very expensive space.

Postmaster General Burleson is investigating every detail of his office with a view to adjusting the business to stop all leaks and devote the money allowed him to proper uses without injuring the service.

MAN WEARS FEATHER IN HAT

Washington Millionaire Sets New Fashion for Men.

Washington, May 23.—Preston Gibson, millionaire playwright and the Harry Lehr of Washington society, has a feather in his hat. A real feather stuck in the riband of a green Alpine hat at the back. All masculine Washington yesterday was envying him his temerity.

Another masculine fad has as sponsor the Rusisan ambassador, George Bakhmetieff, who fastens his tie around his neck with closely placed tiny gold pins.

The German ambassador had better look to his laurels as diplomatic Beau Brummel, for the Russian ambassador yesterday wore a gray flannel suit with pink and lighter gray stripes, a pink silk shirt and champagne colored shoes and socks.

POISON TAKER RECOVERING

Salesman Successfully Fights Bichloride of Mercury's Effects.

Chicago, May 26.—W. L. McCutcheon, an automobile salesman, who took three bichloride of mercury tablets by mistake and who doctors yesterday thought was sentenced to death, received his reprieve today.

Physicians, after an examination, decided that McCutcheon had eliminated most of the poison from his stomach before it had entered the intestines and concluded that in all probability he would recover.

Trust Head Who Is Now on Trial

WILLIAM M. WOOD

Boston, May 24.—William M. Wood, president of the American Woolen Co., and a textile manufacturer of international reputation. Frederick E. Atteaux and Dennis J. Collins were placed on trial, charged with conspiring to "plant" dynamite at Lawrence during the textile strike in this city in January, 1912. The trial is attracting special interest because of the prominence of Mr. Wood and also because it is the first time in Massachusetts that a serious criminal charge arising from labor difficulties has been preferred against a manufacturer. His indictment and arrest last August caused a sensation.

I Can Make Your Fat Vanish by the Gallon!

I CONQUERED OBESITY PAST MIDDLE-AGE

I Ate Everything I Liked—Went Through No Exercise—Wore No Special Clothing—Took No Weakening Baths!

I Explain My Simple, Speedy Home Treatment to You—FREE!

I, Lucile Kimball, a married woman past middle-age, attacked by obesity for years, finally conquered the fat monster. Everything you ever tried, I tried. I went through exercises, rolled on the floor, cut down my food, gave up sweets, fats and starches, wore elastic clothing, tried electricity, massage, osteopathy, vibration, hot and vapor baths, swallowed pellets, capsules and teas—gained as rapidly as I lost—and so would you with those so-called treatments.

For years, my friends have asked me to tell them how I got rid of fat and kept rid of it. They know that I eat what I want—go through no exercise other than I get around the house and office; that I am FREE from obesity, happy, healthy, supple—and look younger by fifteen years than I actually am.

I was afraid that my Home Treatment might prove temporary. I waited months. My fat did not return, and I waited years, but my fat did not come back. Still, I postponed. I tried my Home Obesity Treatment on friends. They were equally benefited—men and women of all ages. And finally I decided to reduce the obesity of fat men and women all over the world.

You have figured fat by the pound. Your "methods" and "treatments" have attacked living tissues more than fat. What did you gain? Nothing! Your fat came back the moment you stopped your exercise or diet. It did not go if you tried anything else. But my Home Treatment is not exercise or diet. I say "diet" in its broadest sense—not "starvation diet," not "excessive diet," but diet of any kind.

Eat any kind of meat, vegetables, salads, pastry, fish, fowl, nuts, candy that you want—when you want it. Drink what you want—when you want it. I don't interfere with your food or drink. No bending over, rolling, playing golf, horseback riding, doing exercise of any kind. Sit in your chair at home, or in your chair at your office—and the fat will vanish from you by the pint, quart and gallon. It goes away rapidly. It melts from your cells. You feel better—stronger. Beauty returns to women; strength to men. You never heard of anything of the kind before in your life. Everybody says, "How wonderful!" It is marvelous beyond description, and it is absolutely harmless. It is so simple, you need devote only three or four minutes each twenty-four hours to its use.

Spend Just One Penny!

All I want you to do is to get my book. This explains the harm of most methods and treatments; why exercise and diet are useless. It tells how I overcame obesity, how I conquered fat; how I rid my friends of fat; how you can be free from the grip of the fat fiend. I know that you want the way pointed out for you, showing how you can reduce fat right in your own home, boarding house, while traveling or visiting. Don't wait. This book costs you nothing. It tells the how and why, and your name should be among the first to reach me. I pledge secrecy and a prompt response. This is the key to successful, rapid fat reduction. Write today—Now! Hurry your request—this moment! If you have been disappointed before, this time you will be satified. Write in a letter or on a post-card, "Please send Free Book showing how I can reduce my obesity at home." Sign your name and address. You are not obligated in any way. Get your request in now.

Lucile Kimball, Suite 240, 1327 Michigan Blvd.
Chicago, Illinois.

MAN WANTED with kidney or bladder trouble who will recommend others when relieved. Write PROSOL COMPANY, Dept. K, 45 W. 34th St., New York.

Sweet Elder and Buchu
KIDNEY PILLS
The guaranteed cure for all Kidney and Bladder troubles, as Backache, Pain in Side, Weakness and Inflamation of Kidneys or Bladder. No cure, no pay. By mail 50c. Sweet Elder Remedy Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

ASTHMA
Remedy sent to any sufferer. If it cures send $1. If not, don't. Give express office. Write today. W. K. Sterline, 631 Ohio ave., Sidney, O.

RUPTURE CURED
by STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS means that you can throw away the painful truss altogether, as the Plapao-Pads are made to cure rupture and not simply to hold it; but being self-adhesive, and when adhering closely to the body slipping is impossible, therefore, they are also an important factor in retaining rupture that cannot be held by a truss. NO STRAPS, BUCKLES OR SPRINGS. Soft as Velvet—Easy to Apply. Inexpensive. No delay from work. Awarded Gold Medal. We prove what we say by sending trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write Today. Plapao Laboratories, Block 239 St. Louis, Mo.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, Many 19.

SENATE—Passed urgent deficiency bill appropriating $600,000 for postoffice department. Passed house bill requiring Panama-California Exposition Co. to deposit money guaranteed for awards and prizes. Senator Burton reintroduced his seamen's involuntary servitude bill. Senator Clapp introduced a bill to prohibit senators and representatives from serving on or soliciting funds for any political committee. Mrs. Helen D. Longstreet, former postmaster at Gainesville, Ga., was heard before postoffice committee. Senator Kenyon introduced an amendment to the tariff bill to automatically free list products of any concern adjudged a monopoly. Chairman Simmons called a meeting of the finance committee for today. Referred Kern resolution for investigation of West Virginia coal strike to committee on education and labor.

HOUSE—Not in session. Chairman Underwood, of ways and means committee, called a meeting of its Democratic members for Thursday to take up assignment of members to committees.

Tuesday, May 20.

SENATE—An agreement was reached in executive session to vote June 25 on the nomination of Walter J. Harris to be director of the census. A large number of nominations were confirmed, including the new commissioner of pensions. After a long discussion Mr. Penrose's motion to disclose the names of all parties appearing before tariff subcommittees was referred to the finance committee. Territories committee was told by Delegate Wickersham that opposition to government roads in Alaska came from the Morgan-Guggenheim Alaska syndicate. Adjourned until Thursday.

HOUSE—Met at noon. Representative Sisson gave notice that he would speak on the California-Japanese situation Friday. In a resolution Representative Rouse proposed 1-cent postage after July 1, 1914. A bill for a constitutional amendment providing direct election and six-year terms for the President and Vice President was introduced by Representative Britten. Representative Hay introduced a bill to provide a distinguished service medal for meritorious service of army and navy men, with $2 extra pay monthly. Adjourned until Friday.

Thursday, May 22.

SENATE.—Finance subcommittees continued hearings on tariff schedules. Senator Ashurst introduced bill to appropriate $1,600,000 from government armor plant. President Wilson submitted stveral nominations. Elevation of diplomatic mission to Spain to an embassy and provision for separate ministers for Uruguay and Paraguay provided in bill introduced by Senator Bacon. Senator Pittman introduced a bill to permit government to mine Alaskan coal when needed by navy or when it would relieve oppressive conditions due to a coal monopoly. Senator Chamberlain refuted Delegate Wickersham's statement that he had introduced bill which would have turned over Cordova harbor to Guggenheims. Senator Nelson introduced resolution for constitutional amendment giving president power to veto any item in appropriation bills. Senator Sherman introduced bill to provide for primary election of delegates to national political conventions. Passed a bill creating an additional judgeship for the eastern district of Pennsylvania. Passed a bill to authorize return of money raised to ransom Ellen M. Stone in Turkey in 1901. Action on Kern West Virginia strike investigation resolution deferred until Monday.

Friday, May 23.

SENATE.—Finance subcommittees continued hearings on wool and sugar tariff schedules. Banking and currency committee authorized Chairman Owen to draft questions on currency reform to be submitted to all bankers.

HOUSE.—Representative Carter introduced resolution for investigation of Five Civilized Tribes by special committee. Representative Hobson introduced bill to prevent industrial depression and value fluctuation in iron and steel products. Ways and means committee considered committee assignments. Representative Bartholdt introduced resolution for constitutional amendment vesting in congress power to legislate on all questions affecting rights of foreigners in United States. Representative Sisson in speech attacked government's treaty-making power where it superseded law making power of individual states.

Saturday, May 24.

SENATE—Subcommittee of finance committee continued work on the tariff. Charges that little money appropriated for Indians actually is expended for their support made before Indian affairs committee.

HOUSE—Ways and means committee continued task of selecting the majority members of committees.

74 YEARS OLD; 29 CHILDREN

Charles Rogers' Latest Baby Gets $500 Gift From Godfather.

London, May 20.—The 29th child of Charles Rogers was baptized at Chiswick recently. The baby, who was eight weeks old, was named Joseph Deely Rogers, after his godfather, Joseph Deely, M. A., a local philanthropist. Mr. Deely has put $500 in the bank for the benefit of his godson.

Mr. Rogers, who is a builder, 74 old, has 16 children living. He has been married twice, the first time in 1865, and has had eight children by his second wife, whom he married 14 years ago. Seven children of the second marriage are living, the eldest being 13 years old. Twelve of his first wife's children died in infancy. The others are all living in Chiswick or its neighborhood.

Four of Mr. Rogers' first family were boys, and three of these are builders, like their father; the other is a motor engineer. His eldest child is a daughter and is 45 years of age.

Mr. Rogers said yesterday that all his grandchildren put together did not outnumber his own family. "I can't exactly estimate all my grandchildren," he said, "but I know they are fewer than my own children."

Mr. Rogers is remarkably strong and active for a man of his age. "I ascribe my good health to the fact that I come of very good stock," he said. "I was born in the New Forest, Hampshire, and both my father and mother were strong country people and lived to be very old. I came to Chiswick and set up business about 50 years ago, when the place was just a little village.

TO SEND AMERICANS NORTH

Red Cross to Aid Mexican Refugees to Get to Galveston.

Washington, May 26.—The American Red Cross today authorized American Consul Miller at Tampico, Mexico, to draw $2,000 for the maintenance and transportation of American refugees to Galveston.

CONCILIATORS OF G.O.P. PLAN ACTION

Hold Conference Friday to Prepare Argument for Committee Session.

Washington, May 23.—Charles D. Hilles, chairman of the Republican national committee, is expected here late today to prepare for tomorrow's meeting of the National executive committee called to consider preliminary plans for party reorganization and to hear from the conciliation committee of Progressive Republicans.

Conciliators Meet.

The conciliation committee appointed as the result of the recent Chicago conference of Republican Progressives to urge party reformations and a national convention next fall, met today with its chairman, Senator Cummins, to outline plans for an argument before the executive committee. Former Gov. Hadley, of Missouri, and Representative Sidney Anderson, of Minnesota, were unable to attend. Beside Senator Cummins there were present Senators Crawford and Jones, and Representatives Cramton of Michigan and Rogers of Massachusetts. The principal purpose of the conciliation committee is to induce the executive committee to call a meeting of the national committee in the near future to consider issuing a call for a party convention to take up reorganization plans.

Senator Gallinger, chairman of the committee of Senators to confer with house leaders on reorganization of the Republican congressional committee, said today that the chairmanship of the reorganized committee would go to a member of the house.

"In organizing the senators' committee to confer," Mr. Gallinger continued, "we thought we must recognize the so-called progressive wing of the party as well as the so-called reactionaries. Senator Norris was a revolutionist in the house and is a very active Progressive in the senate. Senator Jones, I suppose, is three-quarters Progressive, whatever that term means, and Senator Townsend, I suppose, is about one-sixteenth progressive. Senator Clark, of Wyoming, and myself are the reactionaries, I suppose."

Senators Want In.

Most significant of recent party developments since the defeat at the polls last November was the conference of Republican and Progressive Republican senators to institute reorganization of the congressional campaign committee which house leaders futilely have attempted for several weeks. Thirty-one senators attended the conference, presided over by Senator Gallinger and with almost unanimous approval a committee of five was appointed to confer with house leaders with a view to holding a joint caucus as soon as possible to clear away the party difficulties.

Suggest Reorganization Plan.

It was the prevailing opinion of the senators' conference that the congressional committee should be reorganized at once, with representatives from the senate as well as the house. Following the suggestion from President Wilson adopted by the Democrats, and that headquarters should be established, a publicity campaign inaugurated and a definite campaign policy outlined as early as possible.

Leaders pointed to the personnel of this consulting committee as an indication of the general effort being made to reunite the party, its members consisting of Progressives and regulars as well.

The committee members are Senators Gallinger, Townsend, Clark, of Wyoming; Norris and Jones. These five will consult with the house Republicans, and expect to find no opposition for a joint caucus, the house Republicans having found trouble already in trying to reorganize the congressional committee to choose the successor to William B. McKinley as chairman.

Representative Gardner, of Massachusetts, recently announced his candidacy for the chairmanship on a liberal policy and an attempt of his champions to hold a caucus failed to bring out a quorum. Since then nothing has been done and the senators hope to bring about definite action.

You should read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

KNEW HOW TO SQUARE LOSS

Kalamazoo, Mich., May 24.—"Maybe you can't catch the thief who took my money, but I am going to get my money back," declared Marshal Bugdon of Kibbie to the police here when he reported that he had been robbed. Officers, in amazement, asked how he intended to get the $40 back.

"I'm going to quit smoking and chewing for a year. That's what I am going to do to get my money back from that thief."

Bugdon is president of the Kibbie Grange.

To Women Who Dread Motherhood

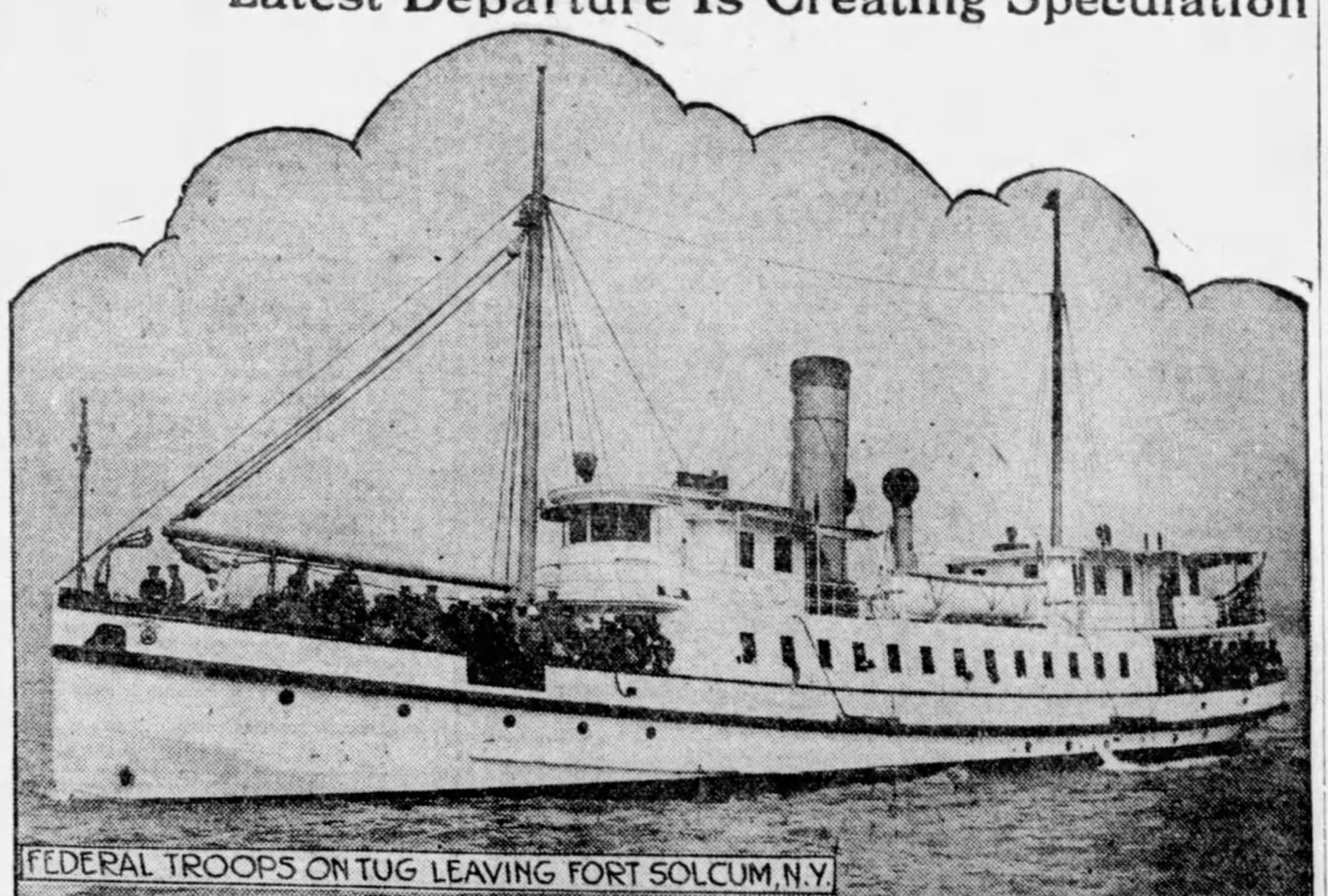
Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of pain. Sent free

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 134 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y. and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

"THE OLD RELIABLE"
PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES
REMEDY FOR MEN

7,000 Troops Strengthen Pacific Garrisons; Latest Departure Is Creating Speculation



FEDERAL TROOPS ON TUG LEAVING FORT SOLCUM, N.Y.

THEY'LL STRENGTHEN U.S. GARRISON at HAWAII
PHOTOS BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

New York, May 22.—Although on an average 600 troops a month have been sent from various eastern garrisons to the Hawaiian islands and the Philippines during the last year, the departure of regulars at this time aroused discussion because of the Japanese trouble over the California situation.

It is said that Uncle Sam's Pacific stations are better equipped in case of a possible war than ever before. The latest batch of coast artillerymen was sent to Honolulu via San Francisco with very little notice. Only a few of their friends were at Jersey City, N. J., when they entrained for the trip across the continent. There were 250 in the company under command of Colonel J. L. Roberts. They were new coast artillerymen from Fort Slocum, N. Y.

COUPLE LIVING APART HAPPY

Wife Tells How Husband and Herself Remain Constantly Real Sweethearts.

London, May 23.—The theories of Mrs. William Bell, American novelist, who has declared husbands and wives should live apart, has a distinguished English supporter, Mrs. Havelock-Ellis, writer and lecturer, who has been married 22 years, but lives only occasionally under the same roof as her husband.

Mrs. Havelock-Ellis told today of the ideals on which her marriage was based.

"We began with the idea that we would see very little of each other," she said. "We were determined not to lapse into the peevish or offhand 'Yes, dear,' and 'No, dear,' of the usual married couple. The result, after 22 years of marriage, is that we find ourselves still eager to meet as often as possible.

Each Has Two Homes.

"I have my quarters in town, and my husband his. Then I have a little cottage in Cornwall, and he has one in Middlesex. We invite each other for little holidays and get the greatest possible enjoyment out of them.

"On one occasion we were traveling to Cornwall together and attracted the attention of some others in the same compartment, who afterward, wondering who we were, described us to a friend, 'Oh, they must have been the Havelock-Ellises,' said our friend, recognizing our description. 'Oh, no,' said the other, 'they couldn't have been married. They were so interested in each other.'

'Of course, we were interested in each other. We hadn't met for two weeks, and had all sorts of things to talk about.

Wife Gets Letter Daily.

"Another delightful thing which I should miss if we lived in the traditional way is the letter that comes at least once a day. I know husbands and wives who have never had the pleasure of writing to each other since their wedding.

"I do not say that the system would suit all persons, but I am convinced that those of highly developed temperaments cannot stand the strain of continued intimacy. There are others, of course, who have not the slightest conception of genuine romantic love, and never will have.

"My husband is a philosopher and it is essential to him that he should be alone a great deal of his time, while I am a social being. Think how absurd if he were always imploring me to stay at home or if I were constantly dragging him out.

Says Wives Lack Hopes.

"I believe that each couple should work out its own scheme of marriage to suit the individual temperaments and without regard to present conventions.

"Look at the married women of the day. Look at their faces—no hopes, no happiness. Many of them have so low an idea of love that one wonders, how they can endure existence. They look on it as a sort of disease that has to be got through somehow or other.

"The best things—really the only things—in life, are faith, and work, and love."

GREECE GOES TO WAR

King Prepares to Fight Bulgarians Now.

Athens, Greece, May 23.—In consequence of the resumption of hostilities between the Bulgarian and Greek troops King Constantine, of Greece, accompanied by Prince Alexander and the general staff of the army, left for Saloniki this morning.

SLUMMING IN PRESIDENT'S CAR

Mrs. Wilson Gives Use of Auto to Society Women.

Washington, May 23.—"Slumming" in the automobile of the President of the United States almost has ceased to be a novelty and today Mrs. Archibald Hopkins, society woman, reformer and friend of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, for the second time in two days will conduct a party of investigators to the squalid section of the capital in a White House car. This luxury of travel was made possible through the generosity of Mrs. Wilson, who placed the car at the disposal of Mrs. Hopkins. In Mrs. Hopkins' party yesterday were Senator Hollis of New Hampshire, Mrs. Owen, wife of the senator from Oklahoma, and Mrs. Pomerene, wife of the senator from Ohio.

The investigations are being conducted under the direction of the woman's section of the National Civic Federation. The investigators now are at work on legislation which they will press in congress looking to the the elimination of the alleys and narrow courts that at present disfigure certain sections of the capital. This legislation, it is expected, will be sponsored by Representative Kahn, of California.

DECISION HITS 10,000 FARMERS

They Must Pay for Irrigation of Reclamation Projects.

Washington, May 26.—More than 10,000 farmers on reclamation projects of the west will be affected by the supreme court's decision today that they must pay to the government the cost of maintaining and operating the various reclamation projects, pending their completion.

Hope Police Will Try to Get Miss Christabel

MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST
PHOTO BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.

London, May 23.—Suffragettes say they hope the London police will try to have Miss Christabel Pankhurst driven out of Paris. They claim it would be the biggest kind of advertisement for them and attract attention to their fight for votes. They do not think that Mrs. Pankhurst's daughter need fear, however, although it is admitted that if Miss Christabel can be shown to be inciting trouble in London from her apartments in Paris there would be precedent for the English authorities asking that the Paris police expel her from France.

FRIEDMANN CURE IS CONDEMNED

New York Health Officer Says It Makes Tuberculosis Worse.

New York, May 26.—Dr. Joseph J. O'Connell, health officer of the port of New York, sent a letter today to Health Commissioner Lederle requesting him to submit to the board of health at its next meeting a resolution prohibiting the administration of the Friedmann treatment for tuberculosis in New York "until such time as those interested affirmatively in its administration shall satisfy the health department of its innocuous character."

"The reports of the investigator of your department," reads the letter, "whose peculiar experience with tuberculosis gives his reports compelling force, are all to the effect that the dangers which might be apprehended in such a form of treatment are actually present therein. He finds that the patients subjected to this treatment have not improved, but have lost ground to an extent greater than might be expected from the natural ravages of the disease.

"He finds that where the tuberculosis condition had affected one side prior to inoculation with the serum (sic) there was after such inoculation an unnaturally rapid development of the tubercular process on the hitherto healthy side, which indicates that the operation of the alleged cure had a tendency to accelerate rather than retard the progress of the disease.

"It seems to me that it would be culpable for us to longer hesitate and that our duty now is to insist upon such a regulation and supervision of this enterprise shall prevent the perpetration upon the public of a dangerous and cruel fraud. We cannot overlook the fact that this treatment has been exploited much after the manner of the exploitation of certain so-called mining securities, and other financial schemes from which the credulous public has suffered.

"The wide advertisement of the serum has had an effect of awakening final and pitiful hope in the breasts of the desperately ill, which shrewd and conscienceless men might turn into an immense financial profit."

BRITAIN GETS CYPRUS

Turkey Is Reported to Have Ceded Island.

London, May 26.—Turkey has ceded the Island of Cyprus to Great Britain, according to Constantinople correspondent of the Express. The cession was due to clauses in the Anglo-Turkish entente.

Another Constantinople dispatch says Italy and Germany are disposed no longer to oppose cession of virtually all the Aegean Islands to Greece.

PASTOR ARRESTS 20 GIRLS

Clergyman Leads Raids on Hotels and Draws Suits.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., May 23.—The village of New Paltz, which lies at the gateway to Lake Mohonk, home of the international peace conference, is in far from a peaceful state today as the result of a series of raids led by Rev. Edwin Corneille, a reformed Methodist clergyman and deputy sheriff, on several hotels and business institutions.

His posse arrested nearly a score of young village girls, who were placed on trial after being indicted by the grand jury. The activity of Corneille has stirred up great strife in the community, which has been rent for months over the prohibition crusade. Today, two slander suits were filed against him.

Pittsburg demands sanitary milkhouses of an approved type on all farms supplying milk to city consumers.

FEDERAL CONTROL OF FLOODS URGED

Necessity Pointed Out to President by National Drainage Congress.

Washington, May 23.—The necessity of the federal government undertaking the direction of scientific flood prevention, stream control, and the reclamation of swamp lands was brought to the attention of President Wilson by a committee of the national drainage congress, headed by the president of theorganization, Edmund T. Perkins, of Chicago.

President Wilson told the committee he had become deeply interested in the question as a result of the terrible object lesson presented by the Ohio valley floods and that the problem is now undergoing study by Secretary of War Garrison and the corps of army engineers.

Sees Policy of Prevention.

He expressed the confidence that the result will be a definite policy of cooperation between the nation and the states in the work.

Mr. Perkins argued that it is a proper function of the federal government under the welfare clause of the constitution to take adequate measures to control the flood waters of the country for the protection of the lives, health, and property of the people.

He suggested this is quite as much the function of the government as protection of the people from foreign invasion.

Co-operation of U. S. and States.

The committee made the definite request that the President create a body to carry out the plan of co-operation between the federal government and the states, and the suggestion was made that this body should be a department of public works, the head of which should be a member of the President's cabinet. A scheme of cooperation could be be carried out, it was argued, under the direct supervision of the President.

DECAYED TIMBER RESPONSIBLE

Evidence Will Be Presented at Long Beach Inquest.

Long Beach, Cal., May 26.—Evidence to be presented Thursday at the inquest over the 36 persons who lost their lives in the collapse Saturday of a portion of a municipal pier will bear directly upon the question of who was responsible for the condition of the structure which proved too weak to withstand the weight of several thousand men, women and children who had gathered to celebrate the birth anniversary of Queen Victoria.

Broken timbers, showing evidence of decay and the corrosive action of salt air from the ocean were under guard today awaiting the inquisition of the coroner's jury.

CONDEMN PLAN OF GERMANY

Strassburg, Germany, May 23.—The lower house today unanimously adopted a resolution strongly condemning the efforts of the imperial government to apply to Alsac-Lorraine exceptional measures of legislation, whereby the peaceful development of the annexed provinces may be seriously disturbed.

DISLOCATED NECK KILLS M'CARTY

So-Called White Champion Dies in Ring at Calgary, Alberta.

Calgary, Alberta, May 26.—A dislocated neck caused the death Saturday of Luther McCarty during his fight with Arthur Pelky, according to information given out last night following an autopsy conducted by Dr. Moshier at the request of Coroner Costello.

It was stated by the physicians that death undoubtedly had been caused by the dislocated neck and that the heart was found to be sound. A clot of blood on the brain aided in convincing the physicians that death was not due to the blow near the heart.

Shortly after the contest began McCarty received a sharp jab to the jaw which sent his head back quickly. It did not appear to have caused any pain and he was afterward on his feet for half a minute.

The left to the jaw followed by Pelky with a right to the heart region which caused the spectators to believe the latter blow had brought the knockout.

Physicians are of opinion that the dislocation of the neck was not sustained in the fall which followed. He fell slowly and did not strike his head.

It was currently rumored here yesterday that McCarty suffered from a slight weakness of the heart the last few days, and this in conjunction with the excitement of the bout and the landing of the unexpected punch are generally blamed for his death. McCarty's body will be shipped to Piqua, O., Monday night.

The fatal ending will have the effect of putting the lid down tight on boxing contests in western Canada. Tommy Burns succeeded for just one year in running bouts at his arena located outside the city limits.

Betting on Saturday's contest was lively at 2 to 1 against Pelky holding out for 10 rounds, while McCarty was straight 5 to 1 favorite for the decision. It was not generally supposed that Pelky could gain enough science in three weeks to give him a chance with McCarty. Pelky showed a great deal of improvement over former appearances. In the brief contest he exhibited better judgment of distance than his opponent and also put more steam into his blows.

It was said unofficially yesterday that as soon as the responsibility for McCarty's death has been placed, Pelky will go south to meet Gunboat Smith.

TRAIN KILLS NINE LABORERS

Accident on B. & O. Near Martinsburg, West Virginia.

Martinsburg, W. Va., May 25.—A gang of laborers employed by contractors on the Magnolia improvement work of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad were struck by eastbound passenger train at Doe Gully, W. Va., today. Nine of the workmen were killed and six others badly injured. The injured men were brought to the hospital here.

THE MARKETS

Toledo, May 26.—Wheat prices were slightly lower at the opening today. This was occasioned by the rain in the southwest, where the winter wheat was seriously in need of moisture. Rains throughout the central valley, where there has been an excess of precipitation, had the effect of stemming the decline. There was a strong undertone to the market and all sales were quickly absorbed.

TOLEDO.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close May 26.	Close May 24.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.10¼	....	....	1.10½	1.10½
May	1.10¼	1.10¼	1.10¼	1.10½	1.10½
July	92¼	92¾	92½	92¾	92⅜
Sept.	92	92⅝	92	92½	92
Dec.	....	....	....	94½	....
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	62¼	62
May	62	62¼	62	62¼	62
July	60	60¾	60	60	57¼
Sept.	60⅝	61	60⅝	61	60¼
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	42¾	42
May	42	42½	42	42¾	42
July	40¾	40¾	40⅝	40⅝	40⅝
Sept.	39½	40⅛	39½	40¼	39¾
Clover Seed—					
Cash	18.00	....	....	13.00	13.00
Oct.	7.80	....	....	7.80	7.80
Dec.	7.77½	....	....	7.77½	7.75
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	64	64
Alsike—					
Oct.	....	....	....	9.00	9.00
Dec.	....	....	....	9.00	9.00
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.95	1.95
May	1.95	....	....	1.95	1.95
Sept.	2.10	....	....	2.10	2.10
Aug.	....	....	....	2.25	2.27½
Oct	....	....	....	2.10	....
CHICAGO.					
Wheat—					
May	92	92¼	91¼	92¼	92
July	91¼	91⅞	90¾	91½	91½
Sept.	90¼	90⅞	89¾	90⅝	90¼
Dec.	....	....	....	92⅝	92½
Corn—					
May	58½	59¾	58¾	59¾	58
July	57½	58½	57¾	58⅝	57⅝
Sept.	58¾	59	58¼	59	58¼
Dec.	56⅝	57	56¼	57	56¼
Oats—					
May	40½	41⅝	40½	41⅝	40½
July	38¼	38½	37¾	38½	38⅝
Sept.	37¾	38	37½	38	38
Dec.	38	38¾	38	38⅝	38½
NEW YORK.					
Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.01¼	1.00½
July	....	....	....	99½	99
ST. LOUIS.					
Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	91½	91¾
July	....	....	....	88⅝	88⅝
MINNEAPOLIS.					
Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	....	90
July	....	....	....	....	91⅛
DULUTH.					
Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	....	92¼
July	....	....	....	92½	91⅛
CHICAGO PROVISIONS.					
Pork—					
July	19.95	20.15	19.92	20.10	19.82
Sept.	19.75	19.80	19.60	19.70	19.50
Lard—					
July	11.07	11.10	11.07	11.07	11.02
Sept.	11.15	11.20	11.15	11.17	11.10
Oct.	....	....	....	....	10.97
Ribs—					
July	11.40	11.47	11.40	11.45	11.32
Sept.	11.20	11.27	11.20	11.25	11.12

Cotton.

New York, May 26.—Cotton futures opened steady; May, 11.64c; July, 11.66c; August, 11.46c; September, 11.19c; October, 11.13c; November, 11.13c bid; December, 11.15c; January, 11.12c; March, 11.22c.

The cotton market opened steady at a decline of 3 to 9 points and sold 8 to 11 points net lower right after the call in response to disappointing cables, a favorable view of the weather map, and encouraging private crop accounts. The outlook was for clear and seasonable conditions in the belt and selling was quite active at the start. Offerings were well enough taken to give the market a fairly steady undertone at the decline, however, and subsequently fluctuations were more or less irregular. A Georgia authority, reviewing the past week, characterized conditions as favorable over 90 per cent of the belt, and a standoff as to the other 10.

Prices gradually eased off to a net loss of 13@14 points during the middle of the morning, but while there was no change in the generally favorable average of weather and crop news, sufficient demand appeared around 11:07 for October to check the downward movement. Trading became less active later and the market at midday was 2@3 points up from the lowest on covering by early sellers and a scattered demand from foreign or domestic trade sources. Spot quiet; middling uplands, 12.15c nominal. Estimated receipts at all the ports today, 8,000 bales, against 5,349 last week and 6,822 last year; for the week, 50,000 bales, against 59,620 last week and 40,245 last year, and at Houston 1,260, against 1,158 last year; at Galveston, 2,551, against 1,344 last year.

Cotton futures closed steady. Closing bids, May 11.54c; June, 11.61c; July, 11.62c; August, 11.41c; September, 11.15c; October, 11.09c; November, 11.08c; December, 11.09c; January, 11.04c; March, 11.14c.

Cotton spot closed quiet; middling uplands, 12.00c; middling gulf, 12.25c. Sales, 400 bales.

The market was very uneven in the early afternoon, and about 9 to 10 points net lower or a shade up from last night. Galveston exports attracted some attention.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, May 26.—Hogs—Receipts, 37,000; slow; bulk of sales, $8.60@8.70; lights, $8.50@8.70; light, $8.50@8.75; mixed, $8.45@8.75; heavy, $8.15@8.67; rough, $8.15@8.30; pigs, $6.60@8.40. Cattle—Receipts, 24,000; steady; beeves, $7.10@8.85; Texas steers, $6.75@7.70; stockers and feeders, $5.90@7.20; cows and heifers, $3.80@7.80; calves, $7.25@10.00. Sheep—Receipts, 22,000; steady to 10c lower; native, $5.25@6.00; yearlings, $6.00@6.60; lambs, native, $5.75@7.65.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, May 28.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,800; higher; heavy steers, $8.60@8.85; handy fat steers, $7.90@8.40; fair steers, $5.90@7.00; choice heifers, $7.50@8.00; choice fat cows, $6.50@7.80; fair cows, $4.15@5.80; butcher bulls, $7.00@8.00; milch cows, $50@90. Hogs—Receipts, 10,000; higher; prime heavies, $8.85; all other grades, $8.95. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 14,000; steady; prime wethers, $5.75; choice lambs, $7.50. Calves—Receipts, 1,500; steady; good to choice veals, $10.25.

Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., May 26.—Cattle receipts 3,000; prime steers, $8.15@8.35; shipping, $7.75@8.00; butchers, $7.00@8.25; cows, $3.75@7.50; bulls, $5.75@7.75; heifers, $6.50@8.00; stock heifers, $5.50@6.50; stockers and feeders, $6.00@7.75; fresh cows and springs steady, $35.00@65.00. Veals, 1,800; $6.00@11.00. Hogs, 16,000; heavy mixed yorkers and pigs, $8.95@9.00; roughs, $7.75@7.90; stags, $6.50@7.25; dairies, $8.75@9.00. Sheep and lambs, 14,000; lambs, $4.50@7.50; yearlings, $6.00@6.75; wethers, $5.75@6.25; ewes, $3.00@5.50; sheep mixed, $5.50@5.85.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, May 26.—Cattle receipts, 800; heavy grades 10c lower; other grades steady. Veal calves, receipts, 100; market 25c higher; good to choice, $9.75@10.00. Sheep and lambs receipts, 600; market steady. Hogs receipts, $4,000; market 10c higher; heavies, $8.50; mediums and yorkers, $8.80; light yorkers and pigs, $8.85; roughs, $7.60; stags, $7.00.

New York Produce.

New York, May 26.—Flour, firm; spring patents, $4.65@4.90; winter straights, $4.45@4.55; winter patents, $4.75@5.10; spring clears, $4.00@4.20; extra No. 1 winter, $3.80@4.10; extra No. 2 winter $3.70@3.80; Kansas straights $4.20@4.30. Wheat—Scattered liquidation induced by rains southwest over Sunday and poor Liverpool cables caused an easier ruling in wheat this morning; July, 98 13-16@98 15-16c. Port, quiet; mess, $21.50@22.00; family, $24.00@25.00; short clear, $20.75@22.25. Beef, quiet; mess, $19.00@20.00; family, $23.00@24.00. Lard, firm; middle west, $11.15@11.25. Raw sugar, steady; Muscovado, 2.75@2.80c; centrifugal, 3.25@3.30c; molasses sugar, 2.50@2.55; refined, steady; crushed, 4.95c; fine granulated, 4.25c; powdered, 4.35. Petroleum, steady; refined New York, bulk, $5.00; bbls., $8.70; cases, $11.00. Molasses, steady; New Orleans, open kettle, 35@55c. Hay, quiet; No. 1, $1.05; No. 2, 90@95c; No. 3, 75@85c. Hides, steady; Bogota, 28¼@29¼c; Central America, 28¾c. Leather, firm; hemlock firsts, 28@29c; seconds, 27@28c.

Butter steady; receipts 7,764 tubs; creamery extras, 27½c; firsts, 26¾@27¼c; seconds, 25½@26¼c; state, dairy, finest, 27c; state dairy, good to prime, 25½@26½c; common to fair, 24@25c; process, extras, 26@26½c; firsts, 25½c; imitation creamery firsts, 25½@26c; factory, firsts, 24½c; seconds, 23½c; packing stock, current make, No. 2, 22c; No. 3, 20½@21½c. Cheese firm; receipts 1,840 boxes; state, whole milk, fresh, colored specials, 14c; do, white and pale, specials, 14c; do. colored average fancy, 13¾c; do. white and pale, average fancy, 13¾c; do. fresh, undergrades, 12½@13½c; state, whole milk, held, as to style and quality, 14@17½c; Wisconsin whole milk, twins, held, 15@16½c; skims, 2½@10½c. Eggs, weak; receipts 18,496 cases; fresh gathered extras, 22½@23c; fresh gathered, storage packed firsts to extra firsts, 20½@22c; do. regular packed extra firsts, 21@21½c; do firsts, 20@20½c; seconds, 19@19½c; thirds, 17@18½c; fresh gathered, dirties, No. 1, 18c; do. No. 2, 17@17½c; fresh gathered, checks, good to choice, 16@17c; do. checks, under grades, per case, $3.00@4.50; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery whites, as to size and quality, 23@25c; do. gathered, whites, 22@24c; western gathered whites, 20@23c; state Pennsylvania and nearby hennery browns, 23c; do. gathered, browns and mixed colors, 20@22c. Dressed poultry irregular; fresh killed fowls, 17@19c; tukeys, 18@19c.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, May 26.—Butter unchanged. Eggs unchanged; receipts, 23,325 cases. Potatoes firm; receipts, 125 cars; Michigan, 67@70c; Minnesota, 60@65c; Wisconsin, 65@70c; new potatoes, $1.35@1.50. Poultry higher; chickens active, 15½c; springs, alive, 15½c.

MIKADO BETTER, CONSORT ILL

Empress of Japan Suffers From Sever Cold.

Tokio, May 26.—Emperor Yoshihito is better, but the Empress Sadako has fallen ill from a cold contracted during her long vigil at her husband's bedside. Her illness is not critical, but she is confined to her apartments and on the advice of physicians will not attend tomorrow's meeting of the Red Cross Society of Japan.

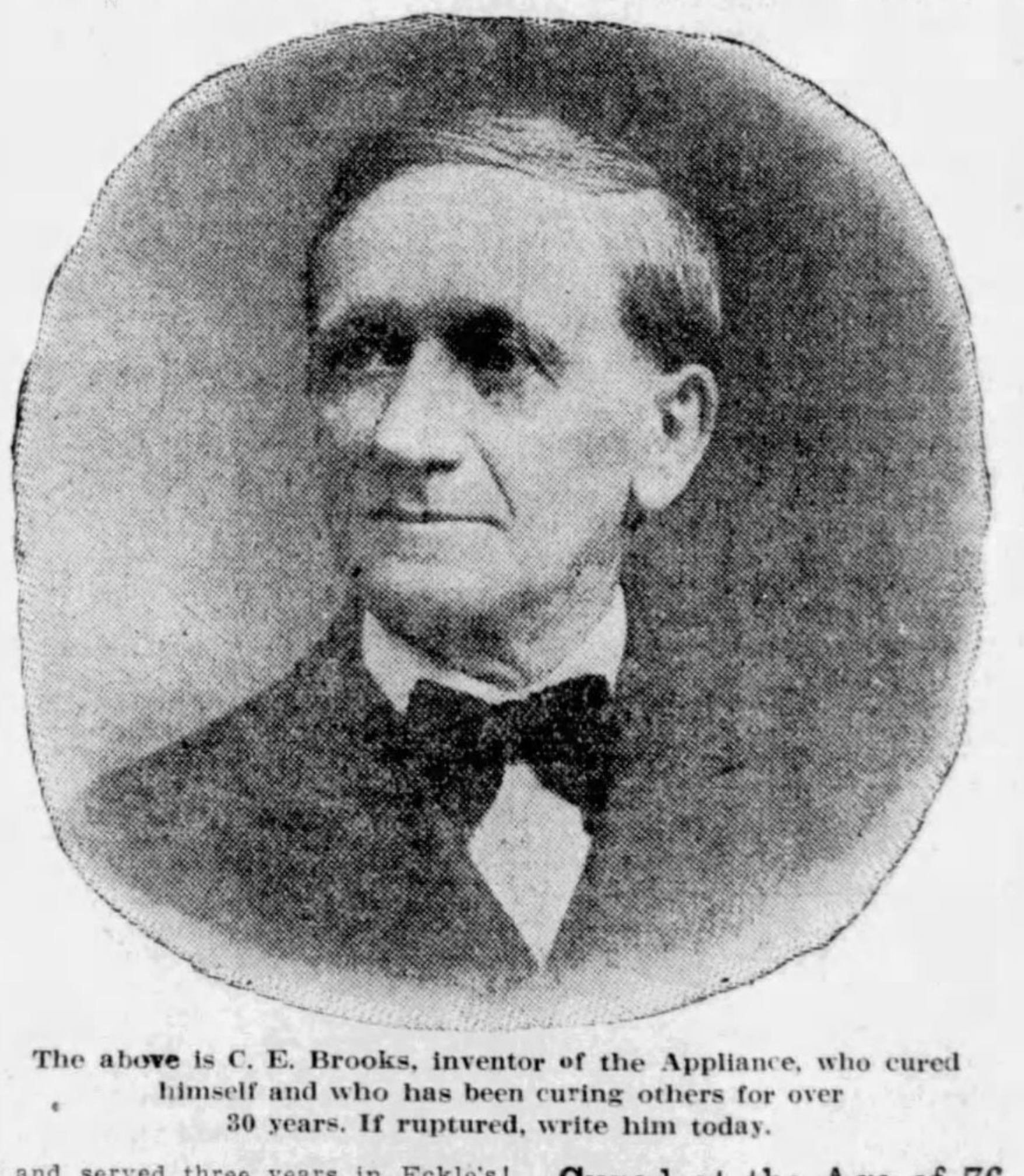
A Genuine Rupture Cure Sent on Trial to Prove It

Don't Wear a Truss Any Longer

After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Produced an Appliance for Men, Women and Children That Actually Cures Rupture.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not.



The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who has been curing others for over 30 years. If ruptured, write him today.

PENNSYLVANIA MAN THANKFUL

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:—

Perhaps it will interest you to know that, I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and is not in the way at any time, day or night. In fact, at times I did not know I had it on; it just adapted itself to the shape of the body and seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to the spot, no matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable God-send to the unfortunate who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks Rupture Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers. I am,

Yours very sincerely,
JAMES A. BRITTON,
80 Spring St., Bethlehem, Pa.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN CURED

Commerce, Ga., R. F. D. No. 11.
Mr. C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:—I am glad to tell you that I am now sound and well and can plough or do any heavy work. I can say your Appliance has effected a permanent cure. Before getting your Appliance I was in a terrible condition and had given up all hope of ever being any better. If it hadn't been for your Appliance I would never have been cured. I am sixty-eight years old and served three years in Eckle's Artillery, Oglethorpe Co. I hope God will reward you for the good you are doing for suffering humanity.

Yours sincerely,
H. D. BANKS.

Others Failed But the Appliance Cured.

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:—

Your Appliance did all you claim for the little boy, and more, for it cured him sound and well. We let him wear it for about a year in all, although it cured him 3 months after he had begun to wear it. We had tried several other remedies and got no relief, and I shall certainly recommend it to friends, for we surely owe it to you.

Yours respectfully,
WM. PATTERSON.
No. 717 S. Main St., Akron, O.

Cured at the Age of 76

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir—

I began using your Appliance for the cure of rupture (I had a pretty bad case) I think in May, 1905. On November 20, 1905, I quit using it. Since that time I have not needed or used it. I am well of rupture and rank myself among those cured by the Brooks Discovery, which, considering my age, 76 years, I regard as remarkable. Very sincerely yours, SAM A. HOOVER.
High Point, N. C.

Child Cured in Four Months

21 Jansen St., Dubuque, Iowa.
Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.:

Dear Sir—The baby's rupture is altogether cured, thanks to your appliance, and we are so thankful to you. If we could only have known of it sooner our little boy would not have had to suffer near as much as he did. He wore your brace a little over four months and has not worn it now for six weeks.

Yours very truly,
ANDREW EGGENBERGER.

TEN REASONS WHY

You Should Send for Brooks Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and my prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

REMEMBER

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

Free Information Coupon

C. E. Brooks, 192-G State St., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name ....
City ....
R. F. D. .... State ....

ROOSEVELT ON STAND RELATES EXPERIENCE WITH STRONG DRINK

Marquette, May 27.—Theodore Roosevelt took the witness stand today in his libel suit against George A. Newett, who in an editorial charged him with drunkenness. The former President entered a denial. He admitted using light wines with his meals, but never touched strong liquors except on advice of his physician or after great exposure. He said he does not smoke nor touch beer.

Roosevelt's Testimony.

His testimony, in substance, as elicited by his attorneys, was as follows:

"I was born in New York, October 27, 1858, and was graduated from Harvard in 1880. In the fall of 1881 I was elected to the New York legislature, where I served three years. In 1886 I ran for mayor of New York and was beaten. In 1889 I was appointed civil service commissioner and served six years. In 1895 I was appointed president of the police board of New York and served two years. In 1897 I was appointed assistant secretary of the navy and served one year. In May, 1898, I resigned to take the lieutenant-colonelcy of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, commonly called the "rough riders," and served during the Spanish-American war. I was in the fighting at Santiago, where my regiment lost over one-third of the officers and over one-fifth of the men of the regiment, killed and wounded. I was promoted to colonel of the regiment and made acting brigadier general, returning to Montauk Point. The army was there disbanded in September.

Governor of New York.

"I was at once nominated governor of New York and was elected. I served as governor until the end of my term, but before it ended, in the spring of 1900, I was nominated for vice president on the ticket with William McKinley and was elected. I served as vice president from March 4, 1901, until September 14, 1901, when President McKinley died from the effects of the bullet wound of the assassin Czolgosz. I served as President for the unexpired term of three years and a half and was nominated and elected as President in the fall of 1904.

"A little over a fortnight after leaving the presidency on March 4, 1909, I went to Africa as head of the Smithsonian expedition. I came out at Khartoum on March 1, 1910, and after a short trip through Europe returned to the United States toward the end of June, 1910. Since then I have lived continuously at Oyster Bay and have been connected with The Outlook.

On a Cattle Ranch.

"From 1883 to 1896 I spent considerable time on my cattle ranch on the Litlte Missouri, in the present state of North Dakota.

"I have never drunk a cocktail or a highball in my life, with the exceptions hereafter noted. I never drank whisky or brandy except under the advice of a physician. I don't care for the taste of either.

"I don't smoke and I don't drink beer, because I dislike smoking and dislike the taste of beer. I never have drunk whisky or brandy except when the doctor prescribed it, or possibly for some occasion after great exposure when I was chilled through. But it has been certainly 15 or 20 years since I have drunk it because of being chilled through. I never have drunk beer, nor do I drink red wine. The only wines that I have drunk have been white wines, Madeira, champagne, or very occasionally, a glass of sherry."

Wine at Dinner.

"At home I often at dinner will drink a wine glass or two of Madeira. In summer, instead of the Madeira, I will often drink a tall glass of white wine and Poland water, or 'oply' water. At public dinners I sometimes drink a glass of champagne or perhaps two. I think that on an average this means that I will drink champagne about once a month.

"The only exceptions to what I have stated about drinking whisky and brandy are as follows:

"Mint juleps I very rarely drink. At the White House we had a mint bed and I should think that on the average I may have drunk half a dozen mint juleps a year. Since I left the White House, four years ago, to the best of my memory I have drunk mint juleps twice; on one occasion at the Country Club, at St. Louis, where I drank part of a glass of mint julep, and on another occasion at a big luncheon given me at Little Rock, Ark., where they passed a loving cup with the mint julep in it, and I drank when the cup was passed to me. The only other occasions on which I have drunk whisky have been when it has been prescribed by the doctor.

"During the last 14 years I do not believe I have drunk whisky straight or with water more than half a dozen times. On the African trip the expedition took along a case of champagne, a case of whisky and one bottle of brandy. The bottle of brandy was taken for me because I do not drink whisky. Some of the other members of the party drank whisky. The champagne was used medicinally for three members of the party who were down with fever and dysentery and for two or three travelers, hunters and missionaries we met who were sick. I never touched either the whisky or the champagne.

Seven Ounces of Brandy.

"Out of the bottle of brandy I drank exactly seven ounces, this being given me by Dr. Mearns on two occasions when I had fever. The last time I told him I disliked it so that it did not think it did me any good, and unless he objected I would take tea. Accordingly, I took tea and turned the bottle and the rest of the brandy over to Mr. R. J. Cunningham, who was managing the expedition.

"Eight months later, when we reached Khartoum he asked me what he should do with it, saying that from curiosity he had measured it and that I had drunk just seven ounces in 11 months.

Likes Milk.

"As for brandy I never drink it any more than I do whisky when I am alone or at home, or on a hunting trip, or in a friend's house; but on very hard campaign trips, on the advice of Surgeon General Rixey and recently of Dr. Holbrook Curtis who attends to my throat. In connection with these campaign trips, I have frequently, just before going to bed at night, drunk either one or two goblets of milk, with a teaspoonful of brandy to the goblet. If there is more than a teaspoonful I dislike the taste and don't drink it. I frequently drink milk at some meal during the day, usually at lunch."

Doesn't Carry a Flask.

"The brandy which is used in Africa was never in my own possession and I only took it when given to me by the doctor. I do not even carry a flask of brandy or whisky with me. I used to carry it on my hunting trips, but found that I used it so rarely that it was a nuisance and might get broken and it has been 20 years since I carried one.

"On my ranch I never had whisky. I never made a practice of drinking at a bar and I don't believe that I have ever drunk at a bar for 20 odd years. I do not believe I have been inside a saloon during that time. I do not drink between meals or except as above described.

"On campaign trips I drink nothing until, as I said above, I go to bed, when I take a goblet, or perhaps two goblets, of milk, with a teaspoonful of brandy to the goblet, finding it rests my throat and makes me sleep well.

Wine at Banquet.

"On almost every campaign trip there will be some occasion on which I stop at a friend's house, when I will drink a glass of wine; or there will be some public dinner, when I will drink either a glass of white wine or a glass of champagne.

"For example, in the Ohio campaign last year, during the nine days I touched nothing whatever on seven of the days excepting at night as above mentioned before going to bed, not drinking a drop of any kind until I was undressed. The other two days were the occasions when I spoke at Toledo and the occasion when I spoke at Cleveland.

Milk at Toledo.

"At Toledo, after the speech, Mr. Garfield, Mr. Post and I went to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Sheppey, where we met Mayor and Mrs. Brand Whitlock and we went into the dining room to take a little supper. There was some champagne, and I first took a glass of champagne, and I then found that there was a pitcher of milk and doughnuts, and I took the milk and doughnuts instead."

At Dan Hanna's.

"On the afternoon of the day I went to Cleveland, I stopped at Ravenna at the house of Mr. Hanna. There I had a pot of tea and at dinner, I believe, but am not certain, I took a glass of champagne.

"After I returned to the car in the evening, having made various evening speeches, I am often thirsty and take a bottle of apollinaris water, or Poland water, with a glass of cracked ice, but I drink no liquor of any kind and never have drunk any liquor of any kind in the car excepting as above described.

"For instance, take the day I spoke at Duluth last year. In the morning I reached Superior and spoke there. We went over to Duluth and took lunch, there being no liquor at lunch. I then dictated the two speeches I intended to make at Oshkosh and Chicago, then went for an automobile ride and afterwards took dinner.

No Liquor at Dinner.

"No liquor was served at dinner and I did not drink a drop of wine or liquor of any kind during the day. I stopped and spoke a few sentences to a dinner of doctors, at their earnest and repeated request. I then made two speeches in the evening. I went back to the car and got a bottle of apollinaris water and a glass with ice in it, but without any liquor of any kind and drank the apollinaris water. When I went to bed I took two spoonfuls of brandy in milk, and that was the only drop of liquor I touched that day. I was in Duluth only one day.

Likes Tea Better.

"While at the White House I never touched brandy or whisky, except from the mint juleps above mentioned and possibly on two or three occasions when Dr. Rixey prescribed a drink of whisky—once, if I remember aright, for an acute attack of indigestion and once when he and I had made a hundred-mile ride together and came in through a snowstorm and he gave me some whisky and I disliked it so that after taking a sip, I would not take any more and got a cup of tea instead.

"Outside of these prescriptions of Dr. Rixey, we usually had at lunch some white wine if there were guests. Unless there were guests I drank nothing at lunch, and often I drank nothing if there were guests. If we dined alone I drank nothing. If we had guests we usually had white wine but sometimes Maderia and at formal dinners we had champagne, of which I would dink a glass or two.

Wine at Cabinet Dinner.

"While at Washington almost all the entertainments were at the White House itself, but each member of the cabinet gave a dinner and I believe there was always champagne at these dinners and I drank a glass or two precisely as at the White House.

"I also on perhaps a half dozen occasions went out, for instance, to the Gridiron Club dinner, or to the reception on Speaker Cannon's 70th birthday, or to a dinner of the New York delegation in congress. On these occasions I drank precisely as in the White House.

"On the occasion of Mr. Cannon's evening reception, I went in company with Mr. Loeb and with James Sloane, a secret service man. The occasion was in the evening. We left the White House shortly after 9 and returned a little after 11, Mr. Loeb coming back with me and Sloane seeing me to the carriage when I left.

"On such occasions Mr. Loeb frequently stayed and we did some work in the study after our return to the White House. On all public occasions Mr. Loeb went with me and also two secret service men. On the Cannon occasion I remember that one of these men was Mr. Sloane. It was the duty of the secret service men to go with me and to see me safely back to the White House, but on this occasion, as Sloane was in Cannon's district and had a number of friends there he did not come back with me, but said good bye at the carriage and returned to the gathering. Mr. Loeb, however returned to the White House. I was with Mr. Newberry, Mr. Cortelyou and others while there.

Wine and Sandwich.

"Neither on this occasion nor on any other occasion did I take a glass of whisky or brandy or any liquor in any form. On this occasion I took a sandwich and a glass of champagne which I drank standing up, proposing the health of the speaker on his 70th birthday.

"No man who knew me ever asked me to take any whisky, because they knew that under no circumstances did I take it and no man on this occasion ever proposed to me to take whisky. Neither while in the White House nor at any other time have I ever drunk or taken any kind of liquor between meals except as above described and in the White House I only did not drink whisky or brandy but I did not know where any whisky or brandy was.

"Unless I shaved myself I was always shaved by Delaney in the room between my room and Mr. Loeb's immediately before luncheon and never on any occasion during the time I was in the White House did I touch a drop of anything during the day prior to being shaved.

White House Routine.

"The routine at the White House was as follows:

"We had breakfast at 8 or 8:30, Mrs. Roosevelt, the children and myself. After breakfast, if the weather was good, Mrs. Roosevelt and I walked around the White House grounds for 20 minutes or half an hour. I then came over to the White House office, and as soon as I reached there, Mr. Loeb came in with the mail and papers to sign.

"After about half an hour of this the senators and congressmen would begin to arrive. If it was an ordinary day they would generally continue to arrive until 12 or 1, but if it was a cabinet day they would stop at 11 o'clock."

"At 11 o'clock, when I went into get shaved, I would usually get Mr. Loeb in and dictate to him, or he would take up with me the mail that had accumulated during the morning and would receive dictations about the various things that had arisen during the morning. I would also frequently see some member of the cabinet or some man I knew intimately during that time, or some newspaper man would be allowed to come in and ask questions, Mr. Loeb generally sitting by and waiting until the answer had been given and then resuming the work.

Talked in Wash Room.

"Often Mr. Loeb would follow me out to the wash room and continue talking with me and getting directions and laying matters before me while I washed my hands. I would then go to lunch. Immediately after lunch I would return to the office. I might then again work Mr. Loeb for an hour or some member of the cabinet or some other person with whom I had talk over details of official business.

"I never in my life, while in the White House or anywhere else, have ever left a room for the purpose of getting a drink between meals, and it would have been a physical impossibility for me to have left the room for any such period of my work in the White House.

No Bar in Hotel.

"On the 17th and 18th of February last, I was staying in New York with Mrs. Roosevelt and my daughter at the Marquis hotel, 12 East Thirty-first street. To the best of my knowledge and belief there is no bar in the hotel.

"Mrs. Roosevelt and my daughter and I had breakfast served in our apartment at about 9. Immediately afterwards, on both days, I walked down Madison avenue to Twenty-third street, across to Fourth avenue and into the Outlook office, doing work and seeing various people until about 5:30 the first day and until 5 the next day, going out for a few minutes for lunch.

"When I left the office on Monday I walked up Fourth avenue to Third street and across to the Marquis hotel, where I had tea with Mrs. Roosevelt. On Tuesday I left at 5 o'clock and took the 5:30 train from the Pennsylvania depot for Oyster Bay. On neither day did I touch a drop of anything at any time. When in town I usually lunched with some members of the Outlook staff.

"I have not been in the Waldorf, unless at a public dinner, for certainly three years and I was not in the Waldorf on either of those two days. On neither of those two days did I go into or come out of any building in Forty-second street and on neither of these two days did I go above Thirty-first or Thirty-second streets on Fifth avenue. Between 4 and 6 o'clock the avenue is densely crowded."

In Milwaukee.

"For the last 15 years I can give you in detail just about what I have drunk and I have given it substantially above, and neither during those 15 years or since I have been of age have I ever under any circumstances in even the smallest degree been under the influence of liquor.

"I do not remember within the last dozen years drinking even a part of a glass of beer except once. That was at the Deutcher Club. Whenever I go to Milwaukee I try to go to the Deutscher Club for a call.

"At their request I think in 1903 I drank a mouthful of beer. They offered me beer and I asked if they could not get me some white wine, saying I never drink beer. They asked me if I would take a mouthful anyway, because they said it was the beer that made Milwaukee famous. So I took a mouthful and then took white wine. They then all sang songs, but there was only one song in which I could join.

"While I was governor and always, my habits in using wine and champagne have been precisely as stated.

Riis Is Called.

Jacob A. Riis, the writer, called as the first important witness for Col. Roosevelt, testified he was 64 years old, and was born in Denmark.

Riis said he became acquainted with Col. Roosevelt because of their mutual interest in the welfare of the poorer classes of New York.

"During the 15 years you have known Mr. Roosevelt, did you ever see him under the influence of liquor?"

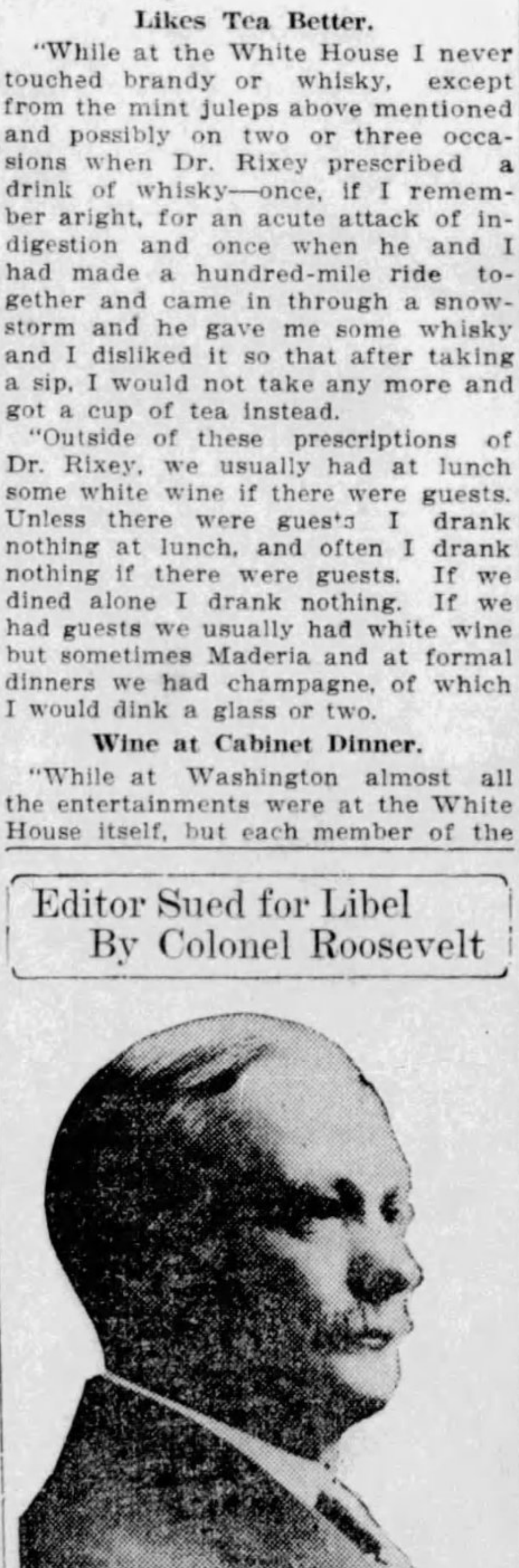
"Oh, Lord, no," replied Mr. Riis.

"The statement that he is a free user of liquor is a lie. I have seen this man under the greatest stress and never have I seen him resort to liquor."

"Is he a blasphemous man?"

"No, he is a gentleman."

Editor Sued for Libel By Colonel Roosevelt



An Ex-Slave's Achievement in Agriculture

SAM McCALL IN HIS COTTON PATCH.

The department of agriculture, in a bulletin, tells how an ex-slave, who cannot read or write, and who probably never heard of any theory of soil fertility, has accomplished a thing which is impossible of explanation by prevailing theories. His experience controverts the text-books. Only one theory today can explain it according to natural causes, and that one is a theory which is condemned with harsh words and branded as heretical by the great body of soil chemists of the United States and abroad. It is the theory held by Milton Whitney, chief of the bureau of soils of the department of agriculture, and his chief assistant, Frank K. Cameron.

Whitney and Cameron maintain that, instead of being the container of fertility, soil is fertility itself; that as long as there is any soil left on earth it will continue to bring forth plant life in abundance—if man will apply intelligence to its cultivation. It is difficult for the layman to realize how bitterly the theory is attacked by other soil chemists, or the intemperance of some of the denunciations which have appeared in the bulletins of foremost universities of the country.

But now vindication for the two men seems to be on the way. It is whispered that department agents have gathered other illustrations similar to that of Sam McCall to prove the truth of the theory advanced by the bureau of soils. These, it is said, will be published in bulletins preliminary to the announcement which will put the American department of agriculture, the greatest scientific organization of the sort in the world, squarely backing the Whitney-Cameron contention that the earth's soil will never "wear out," and that the human family will never face starvation because of earth's sterility.

The Department Bulletin.

In the following words the department bulletin tells how McCall made so-called wornout soil fertile without using fertilizer:

"Sam McCall is an ex-slave, now over 75 years of age. At the time of gaining his freedom he decided to remain as a tenant on the plantation of his former owner. Being thrifty, a hard worker and a good manager, he saved what he earned and was soon able to make a payment on 40 acres of land and to start farming for himself. Later he added to this purchase until he owned 163 acres. The land was so grown up with brush and so cut up with gullies that only a comparatively small portion of it was suitable for cultivation, and even the tillable areas, having been cropped by tenants for several years with no attempt to maintain the fertility, were very deficient in organic matter, and consequently of low crop-producing capacity.

"McCall began working such portions of his land as were tillable, and grew cotton and corn, the crops common to that section. After working along this line for 15 years he arrived at the conclusion that a man with a limited equipment, who was doing practically all his own work, could obtain better results by concentrating his efforts on a smaller area of land.

"Accordingly, he selected two acres of land near his cabin, and for the last 21 years has devoted his time and energies to increasing the productive capacity of this small area. These two acres were in a little higher state of fertility than the other tillable portion of his land, producing on an average from one-third to two-thirds of a bale of cotton to the acre under favorable conditions.

"Improvement was begun by increasing the organic content of the soil. At first this was accomplished by plowing under leaves and other decaying vegetable matter secured from the nearby woodland, but this practice was later discontinued. Corn stalks, cotton stalks, and all weeds from the fence corners were plowed under, but never burned, as is a common practice in many portions of the south. Practically everything but the lint cotton and a portion of the seed was returned to the land in some form or other. No commercial fertilizer of any kind has been used, except a little cotonseed meal under the oats.

A Modern Farm Miracle.

"With the increased organic content came a corresponding increase in the yields of cotton, so that after a few years the land was producing a bale or more to the acre. By 1898 the soil had become so rich that seven bales were produced on the two acres, and for several years the yield averaged close to this mark. When it is remembered that the average yield of cotton in the south is but little more than one-third of a bale per acre, these yields on the two acres are seen to be fully ten times as much as the average.

"Observations made in this work soon taught this farmer that some of the better plants were each producing a pound or more of lint, and from this he concluded that with a perfect stand of plants of this high-yielding capacity it would be possible to produce nine 500-pound bales on one acre. This, then, became the goal at which he aimed, and he has been striving to attain it ever since. While he has not yet been able to produce this quantity, he has succeeded in growing a 560-pound bale on a measured one-eighth acre."

Thus the government bulletin calls attention to a modern farm miracle. But the wonder of the negro farmer does not end with his cotton crops. While he is raising cotton at the rate of three and one-half bales to the acre, he is making the same two acres simpltaneously produce huge crops of corn and oats—80 bushels of oats to each acre and 80 bushels of corn. The southern average acre yield of corn is about 15 bushels and that of oats about 20 bushels. Thus the fertiilty of McCalls' two acres is such that they are producing each season crops equivalent to those produced on 38 average southern acres.

Unique Crop Rotation Scheme.

McCall accomplishes this by a unique system of crop rotation. His oats are grown intensively in rows five feet apart instead of being sown broadcast, and each row is as carefully cultivated by him through the growing season as if it were cabbage or potatoes. The result is that the heads of oats are enormous in size, and each plant produces many times the quantity produced by a plant in a field sown thickly with oats.

McCall plants oats in the fall between the cotton stalks. In the spring he goes through his patch and breaks down the cotton stalks and plows them under. When the oats are knee high he plants corn in rows five feet apart and between the rows of oats. About the time the corn is knee high the oats are read for harvesting. This is done simply by cutting off the oat heads, leaving the straw in the field.

Then the oat straw is plowed under and the cotton is planted in rows between the corn rows. When the cotton is knee high it is harvest time for corn. The ears of corn are plucked from the stalks, which are later trampled by the cotton pickers and finally plowed in when preparing for the oat sowing in the fall.

Amazing as the crop records of Sam McCall's two-acre farm are, their importance is nothing compared to that of the bearing of his feat of bringing worthless land up to such fertility upon the problem facing humanity at the end of the ages—whether or not the earth will cease to produce food.

One of the most eminent economists in the Department of Agriculture, Professor W. J. Spillman, who has charge of the farm management work of the department, believes that McCall's story is the concrete example proving the truth of Whitney's and Cameron's theory that the soil particles contain plant food in their organic composition, and that they release this food continually until, in the course of centuries, they finally dissolve away to nothing.

WEDS MAIMED LOVER

Michigan Woman Accepts Sightless and Handless Man.

Marquette, Mich., May 26.—Transcending the ideals of romance, the story of the tragedy that came into the life of the daughter of George A. Newett, defendant in Theodore Roosevelt's $10,000 libel suit, reads like fiction.

For Newett's daughter, now Mrs. George Nelson, of Ishpeming, married her lover after he had lost both hands and his eyesight in a mine explosion. Deliberately, calmly but with a purpose that would not be swerved by even her lover's pleading, the daughter of Newett pledged herself for life to a man who could not see and could not work.

During all the years that he lives, the daughter of Newett must order her life so that she may be eyes and hands for the man to whom, when he was whole and sound, she gave her faith. Nelson and Miss Newett were girl and boy sweethearts in Ishpeming. Nelson was ambitious, he was studying to become a mining engineer and his work in the mines was part of the course. He seized an opportunity to go to an Arizona mine. Before he went, the young couple plighted troth.

Scarcely a few weeks after arrival in Arizona, Nelson accidentally hit a box of percussion caps with a hammer. The resulting explosion blew off both his hands and destroyed his sight forever. Specialists for months held out hope for one of his eyes, but that hope failed. Back to Ishpeming came the helpless young man. His sweetheart refused absolutely to hear of a break in their relations. The young lover refused to consider marriage, but the girl declared she would not release him. Her parents and his joined in advising that it would be best for the young people to part. The girl was adamant. The marriage took place.

Nelson is, like many blind persons, mentally developed to an amazing degree, and he is also much interested in the coming suit. He has decided to attend the trial if a place can be foud for himself and wife.

"I will see everybody," he says. "My wife is my eyes." The two travel frequently and are never apart for even an hour, say their close intimates. They live happily, devoted to each other, the wife reading an hour or two every day to her husband, and describing to him everything she sees in their daily walks.

TWO HUNDRED DROWN AS STEAMER SINKS

London, May 14.—The steamer Nevada with 200 passengers on board today struck a mine in the Gulf of Smyrna and sank, according to a dispatch from Constantinople to the Exchange Telegraph Co. The Nevada was owned by the Hadji Daout Co. and ran in the eastern Mediterranean.

Bolivia is the world's second largest producer of tin, the main supply coming fom the Malay straits.

ROYAL WEDDING MEANS PEACE

Kaiser's Only Daughter Married to Prince Ernest August of Cumberland.

Berlin, May 24.—Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia, only daughter of the German emperor, was married to Prince Ernest August of Cumberland with the rites of the Lutheran Chursh at 5 o'clock this evening.

The ceremony, which took place in the ropal chapel of the imperial palace, seals the reconciliation between the dethroned house of Hanover and the house of Hohenzollern.

The presence of the three most powerful sovreigns of Europe—the German emperor, the Russian emperor and the British king-emperor—on terms of intimate friendship made the event a demonstration of international peace.

The civil ceremony was performed half an hour earlier in the great electors' hall, a small room in the most ancient part of the castle. It was attended only by the immediate families of the bride and bridegroom.

Banquet Saturday Night.

A state banquet is to be given at the castle this evening, followed by the historic "torch dance" and the distribution to the guests of souvenir "garters." These are in the form of silk ribbons bearing the bride's initials and the date in gold letters, which modern delicacy has substituted for the pieces of the bride's garter, formerly cut up and distributed by the princes of the royal family on the points of their swords.

Go to Hunting Lodge.

The bridal couple will leave immediately afterward for the emperor's hunting seat at Hubertusstock, north of Berlin, where they will pass the first week of their honeymoon, then going for a fortnight to the Duke of Cumberland's hunting castle near Gmuenden.

At the conclusion of the civil ceremoney the bridal procession was marshaled into line by Count August Zu Eulenburg, grand marshal of the imperial court, and then proceeded the whole length of the castle through a long series of state apartments to the royal chapel. It was led by the bridal couple, the princess' train being borne by four of her girl friends. Prince Ernest August of Cumberland, was dressed in Prussian Hussar uniform.

After them came Emperor William with the Duchess of Cumberland.

Then followed in order the Duke of Cumberland with the German empress, the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, with Queen Mary of England, King George of England with Crown Princess Cecilie, the Emperor William's sons with their consorts and 50 or more other princes and princesses of the royal blood.

Dr. Ernest Dryander, the grand chaplain of the court, who had baptized Princess Victoria Louise and prepared her for her confirmation, performed the ceremony, which was the simple Lutheran rite. He then delivered the customary address of Advice and Admonition to the newly married couple.

As the rings were exchanged before the altar, a battery of artillery stationed outside the castle fired a royal salute.

JAP TAKEN AS WHITE SLAVER

Albuquerque, N. M., May 27.—K. Hana, a Japanese woman, and K. Yones Ski, also a Japanese, who came from California, were arrested here last night charged with violating the Mann act. They registered at a hotel as man and wife. The following day the woman became an inmate of the tenderloin district, where she was when taken into custody. The pair will be held subject to disposition by the government authorities.

WILL CALL COMMITTEE

Republican National Committee to Meet Next Fall.

Washington, May 24.—After several hours' discussion the executive committee of the Republican national committee today tentatively agreed to call a meeting of the national committee 60 days after the adjournment of the extra session of congress, to determine whether a national convention shall be called to consider changes in basis of representation.

Against Reorganization.

Some of the party leaders are firmly of the mind that the agitation for the reorganization meeting of the national convention this coming fall is premature, and it would be chiefly to consider the advisability of such a convention that the national committee would meet.

Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, who smilingly admitted today that he belonged to the "so-called reactionaries," in discussing the urgent demand of the Progressives for a national convention, declared that when the time came for reorganiation, the Republican party would reorganize itself. Senator Smoot was of the same mind, and there are other party leaders in and out of congress who will oppose a national convention this year.

Say Committee Has Power.

Upon the merits of proposed reforms the executive commitee does not pass. Many leaders assert that a convention is not necessary to carry out contemplated reorganization plans, that the committee can enact them. The Progressive Republicans, however, insist a convention is necessary.

POLICE HELP CROOKS

Frisco Attorney Makes Startling Allegations.

San Francisco, May 24.—A well organized "system," embracing in its scope all branches of the local police department, has existed since 1905 and is still in force, operating not only to assist in robbing individuals, but also to prevent the identification of criminals by their victims, according to a statement made today by District Attorney Charles M. Fickert in connection with the trials of eight policemen indicted for assisting in the operations of confidence men.

"A mass of evidence will be brought out against the accused, 10 times as great as that of which the grand jury is cogniaznt," said Fickert. He declared that a large "slush fund" was being raised to defend the policemen.

MRS. LINCOLN'S LETTERS SOLD

Acrimonious Epistles of Emancipator's Widow Bring Low Prices.

New York, May 27.—The bitter letters which Mrs. Lincoln, widow of Abraham Lincoln, wrote more than 40 years ago, when in despair of getting congress to pass an appropriation for her assistance, were sold at auction yesterday. Most of the letters went to dealers for less than $50. A letter in which Mrs. Lincoln offered to sell a black lace dress which cost over $2,500 brought $30. The most acrimonious letter of all, one in which Mrs. Lincoln wrote that General Grant and his wife treated her with "utter heartlessness," brought $50, the best price of the lot.

A letter of Martha Washington, a simple kindly letter to an old friend, with love, kisses and remembrances, sold for $300.

SAVES INDIANS FROM LIQUOR

Washington, May 26. — Federal laws against the "introduction of liquor into Indian country" were today held by the supreme court to prohibit the introduction of liquor from neighboring states into Oklahoma counties occupied by Indians.

PRIMARY MARKETS

How Grain Was Handled Before Exchanges Were Here.

National Crop Improvement Service.

In the ante bellum days, when the steamboat commerce was in its glory the farmers in the Mississippi Valley were compelled to ship their grain in sacks.

After harvest each year the old levee at St. Louis was piled high with grain. The millers and other grain buyers would saunter leisurely through the accumulated pile in no hurry to buy, and the more the grain was congested the more indifferent they became.

There being but a few of them they found it to their advantage, especially over Sunday, to allow cargo after cargo to be unloaded without buying.

In consequence the price was such that the price was subject to violent fluctuations, and a margin of 25c to 50c a bushel was by no means uncommon.

The farmer, of course, got the worst of it. But a few bright men saw that by financing this proposition, wheat could be carried over a longer period and that there were immediate possibilities to make it a stable business. In this way the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange was organized to protect both the producer and the consumer.

Somebody had to carry the grain from the time of harvest until the time it was used. The farmer wanted his money spot cash and the miller was not ready to buy. Somebody had to assume the ownership of this grain, hence the speculator was willing to do so and an active market was created.

Generally, the more transactions there are in a grain exchange, the narrower the fluctuation. A daily auction was held in St. Louis for warehouse receipts, for grain in store, for grain to arrive, and out of this has grown the wonderful system of marketing the grain surplus.

CLASSIFIED OPPORTUNITIES

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line.) Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than forty-two lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

MALE HELP WANTED.

Men and women wanted for government positions; $60 to $100 month to commence; vacations; steady work. Over 12,000 appointments this year. Parcel Post requires several thousand. Influence unnecessary. Write immediately for free list of positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. O 31, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

Ladies make shields at home. $10 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 23, Kalamazoo, Mich.

A Rare Opportunity to make a comfortable living at home, sewing plain seams, all home work; no canvassing; state time can sew; no triflers. Send ten cents for samples, postage, etc., returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Company, Jobbers, Sewing Dept. 42, Rehoboth, Delaware.

Earn $14 per 100 at home embroidering corner of imported handkerchiefs. Plain, easy hand work. Trial lot stamped handkerchiefs and instructions 20c. Sent any distance prepaid. Arabian Supply Co., J-1426 E. 32d st., Cleveland, O.

AGENTS.

Hundreds make $50--$75 weekly selling guaranteed Hosiery for largest manufacturer in America. Why not you? Complete outfit free. Write quick to our city office. Madison Hosiery Mills, 486 Broadway, New York city.

Agents—White Rabbit Dye "Special." Best for coloring ribbons, burnt wood, grasses, feathers, photo-tinting, kindergarten work. Four brilliant colors, pink, yellow, blue and red. Good side line. Trial package free. The Donnell Company, Dept. 16, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents—Stop selling old worn out lines. Something new; good for $50 a week and more. Write for our proposition to exclusive agents. A. S. Shuh, Sales Mgr., 1960 Sycamore st., Cincinnati, O.

SALESMAN WANTED

Wanted — In each community to contract not later than July 1st, with three or four middle-aged gentlemen of good appearance, capable of earning $20 per week and upward to travel; all summer's job; start now; no previous experience necessary. Address, with references and state salary expected on start, Glen Bros., Inc., Established 1866, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

Alfalfa and Stock Lands—First crop of alfal now being cut in the alfalfa belt of Norther Mississippi; government tick quarantine lift from this section; the ideal stock, grain an hay country of the South. Full literature a offerings upon application. Maer-Stanley Rea Co., Columbus, Miss.

Trumbull County is generally level, has produtive soil, good markets, good society; che farms. Write L. Abell, Cortland, Ohio.

FARMS WANTED

Farms Wanted. We have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing propert naming lowest price. We help buyers locate de sirable property Free. American Investment As sociation, 96 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

REAL ESTATE.

Texas State Lands—$1.50 to $5.00 acre; one fortieth down, balance 40 years; information an Texas map free. Journal Pub. Co., Houston, Tex.

POST CARDS.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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